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The Week

SOONER or later Secretary Denby, Assistant Secretary Roosevelt and Attorney General Daugherty will be forced to quit. Something of the kind may have happened before these words are being read. It would be too preposterous for the government to recover title to the oil reserves and then place them in charge of the man who agreed to their fraudulent alienation under conditions which Congress has unanimously denounced as a betrayal of trust and who glories in the act. It would be too repellent to have the government prosecute ex-Secretary Fall and keep as one of its highest officials a man who shared the responsibility for Fall's act and must testify in his favor. No! Denby and Roosevelt must go, and Daugherty must follow. The Senate is fully justified in asking the President to bring about Denby's resignation. The incident has aroused an amount of popular indignation and disgust which properly demands as a preliminary measure of house-cleaning the retirement from public life of all the officials who were directly implicated in the transaction.

WHAT is extraordinary is not that there should be an irresistible popular demand for the dismissal of these men, but that the President should have retained them so long and that public opinion should accept their retention so patiently. When the people of a country are profoundly moved at the revelation of some raw betrayal of public trust, they have every reason to demand a decisive act which will clear the air, relieve the tension and serve as an evidence of repentance and good faith. Mr. Coolidge has denied this satisfaction to their feelings and it will cost him undoubtedly a large measure of popular confidence. He may, as his friends claim, possess certain qualities which qualify him for dealing considerately and attentively with the routine details of government, but he is not the man to handle a crisis. He was irresolute in the case of the Boston police strike and tried to dodge. He has been irresolute recently. Millions of his fellow countrymen will attribute his irresolution to a lack in him of the feeling of resentment and loathing at such a flagrant betrayal of the public trust which fills their own minds, and they will probably be right. He has not given any sufficient expression of the anger, the sense of humiliation and of the need of some act of purification which so many of his fellow-countrymen feel.

THE debate on the Walsh resolution requesting the dismissal of Secretary Denby offered a wonderful opportunity for a display of senatorial antics. The resolution was a perfectly natural attempt to express the demand for an official house-cleaning which so many people were feeling and which the President had refused to satisfy. It was a call upon the President to withdraw his confidence from a man whom undisputed facts proved to be unworthy. It was obviously without binding force on the President and he had a clear right to ignore it if he pleased, but the President's own failure to act had rendered it a desirable expression of public feeling. Yet according to the senators who opposed the resolution, it committed the hideous offence of condemning a man without formally trying him and hearing him in his own defence; and they appealed to the immemorial traditions of Anglo-American criminal law in order to explain why they would not vote for it. These senators are clearly rattled. Many of them would like to hush the matter up

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or pooh-pooh it or actually defend the terms of the contracts, but they do not dare. So they betray their irritation and desperation by building up a paper breastwork for Mr. Denby out of Magna Charta. The fact is, of course, that the regular Republican senators share the indirect responsibility for Tea-Pot Dome which, as we pointed out last week, is fairly imputable to the Cabinet. It is no wonder they fuss and fume and flounder.

DURING the debate on the Walsh resolution Senator Pepper of Pennsylvania was distinguished among his "regular" associates by a frank expression of the prevailing discomfort. "The people of the country are," he said, "profoundly shocked. Popular confidence in public men is badly shaken. All of us irrespective of party, seem to the people to be more or less bespattered. Something like an explosion has occurred perilously near the foundation of the Republic." This is obviously a deplorable predicament for upright but somewhat flexible men like Senator Pepper to find themselves involved in; and it is interesting to follow along the trail and discover how he proposes to extricate himself and his colleagues. The route which he proposes is exclusively and exaltedly spiritual. "This is a moment," he adds, "for patriotism not for partisanship. It is a time when each of us must look inward as well as outward. Every man of us ought to be reëxamining his own moral structure instead of merely engaging in the denunciation of other people." Thus while the process of reëxamination is taking place, the Senate should not, according to Senator Pepper, engage in the merely outward, temporal, material activity of trying to get rid of Secretary Denby, or of denouncing him as unworthy of confidence. That would be partisanship and the Senate should seek the perfect cure for its own errors and sense of guilt in pure and lofty patriotism. As a demonstration of Senator Pepper's remedy, we would like to see a moving picture of Senator Hale of Maine and Senator Brandegee of Connecticut engaged in the process of "looking inward" and "reëxamining their own moral structures."

WE have all been taught that the life of parliamentary institutions depends on the power over the purse. The French Chambers find themselves compelled by the exigencies of the financial situation to surrender a substantial part of this power to the ministry. Poincaré has demanded the power to effect economies and in some measure to increase revenues by decree, and the Chamber of Deputies has acceded. The Royalists were enthusiastic in support of this measure, as they have a right to be. It represents a nail for the coffin of a "rotten parliamentarism." Poincaré has a chance to take some steps on the way trodden before him by Mussolini. Whether he can duplicate Mussolini's performance in stabilizing the national finances is another matter. Financially Mussolini was clean as a hound's tooth. Poincaré has a frightful record of reckless finance behind him.

IT is difficult to see where Poincaré will be able to decree substantial economies. He cannot cut the interest on the debt, which must now absorb considerably more than half the revenues of the state. He would hardly dare to cut deeply into naval or military appropriations. For political reasons he has to keep the fear of Germany as lively as possible. The civil services are now horribly underpaid. Any important economies here are out of the question. Poincaré can postpone further outlays on rehabilitation of the devastated regions, but such postponement had already been taken for granted and its effect discounted. If Poincaré saves a billion out of the fifteen that need to be saved, he will exceed reasonable expectations. There is, however, an important psychological effect to be taken into account. These extraordinary powers will be thought of as an emergency defence of the franc. It will be widely assumed that Poincaré will be able to keep the franc from collapsing. The assumption may be false, but for several years the franc has been held well above its real value by false assumptions.

BY the time these lines appear the British Parliament will have reassembled, and the lull in which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was preparing his program, a period of armistice marked by a surprising tone of friendliness and willingness to give him a chance on the part of his opponents, and a perhaps less surprising emphasis on the value of caution and moderation by Mr. MacDonald himself, will probably have given way to some fairly serious attacks. To these the Labor government has not laid itself very wide open. Any other government might have wound up the long-pending recognition of Russia. Almost any Tory government might have appointed, from its own ranks, H. P. MacMillan to be Lord Advocate for Scotland, an appointment which one of the Scottish Labor M. P.'s proclaims would have made "Keir Hardie turn in his grave." While the Labor government makes the generous gesture expected of it in the release of Gandhi, a Liberal or even Tory ministry might have done as much, since the release was on the grounds of ill-health and had, we understand, the consent of the Vice-Roy himself. Some Tories will violently denounce this step; others will not think the Empire in danger if they remember Mr. MacDonald's earlier insistence that the Indian Home-Rulers should stick to the strictest constitutional methods.

WITH regard to foreign affairs, Labor has done nothing yet that could not be criticized in a gov-

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ernment of another color by its partisan opponents. At home, the personalities of the Cabinet, chosen from the most varied elements with rather baffling skill, leaves its enemies with individual appointments for them to shoot at, but no sufficiently obvious general character for a focus of attack. Its immediate financial and economic program seems to consist likewise of a diversity and detail which will scatter the fire of opponents. Housing, reduction in some taxes, retention of others, small cuts in army and navy expenditures, no cuts in the pay of officers, prevention of the evasion of income tax, the sale of remaining war supplies for revenue—all these are tactical rather than strategic moves. For a while, evidently, Labor will force its opponents as well to make tactical rather than strategic moves. Such incidents as the Poplar unemployment allowances are likely to cause Labor the most annoyance. The Poplar allowances were thought by the previous government to be excessive and the council was charged with excess expenditure of about $100,000. This charge has now been cancelled, and Mr. MacDonald now faces the bitterest attack for what both Liberals and Tories think the justification of plunder of the municipal treasury.

A CORRESPONDENT from Washington writes:

"Late last year The World and the St. Louis Post-Dispatch printed an interview with Senator Norris, in which he declared with tragic emphasis that after twenty years of service in Congress he was completely disillusioned. He had relinquished all hope of securing any effective general legislation for the public welfare, and he proposed at the end of his term to go back to the farm. The public's response to this despondent confession was immediate, overwhelming and most encouraging. Editors of both parties lamented the passing of a public servant so conspicuous for useful works. Fellow members of Congress, Republicans and Democrats, with whom he had been at odds for years, deplored, with widely varying degrees of sincerity, his intention. Men and women sent from every state in the union earnest entreaties that he remain. He was touched, but he was obdurate, and the conspiracy to keep him in Washington was obliged to summon all its resources. One of its most amusing aspects, to the few who were privy to it, was the form which the cabal took inside the Senator's own office. Typists flatly refused to transcribe letters in which he informed supporters of the inflexibility of his decision, or else transcribed and forgot to mail them. Telegrams of like purport were chucked into the waste basket as soon as his back was turned. The picture of exasperated helplessness which the Senator presented at the centre of this revolving plot would have been funny to anybody not deeply concerned in the outcome. Looking about for a friendly and helpful enemy, he found only unsympathetic and hostile friends. Finally came word that petitions containing the names of 6,000 Nebraska voters, indorsing his candidacy, were ready to be filed. On top of it he received a visit from a delegation of supporters, headed by his colleague, Senator Howell, and at the end of a vociferous two-hour engagement, he capitulated."

"THE statement which Senator Norris subsequently gave out sent a shudder of horror through the breast of every practical politician in the capital. It insisted that he didn't want to be Senator, that he had been persuaded against his will to enter the primary, and that if defeated for the nomination he would entertain a feeling of the most profound and grateful relief. He was entering the race, he declared, solely because he had become convinced that to refuse would be dishonorable and cowardly. He added, moreover, that he didn't propose to stir a foot outside of Washington until after the Nebraska primaries. He did agree to make a campaign in the event of being nominated. Norris is a modest man—a very plain and homely person in his attitude toward himself and in his relations with others. Probably he had never realized that his career had excited much attention outside of his own and immediately adjoining states. Certainly he was surprised, as he was touched, by the breadth and volume of the appeal which came to him. We have had many candidates, and they have published many reasons for asking to be sent to Washington. Here, for a change, is one who publishes reasons for sending him home."

THE Immigration bill, as reported in the House, would restrict immigration even more drastically than the law now in force. By basing the quota on the census returns of 1890, it greatly reduces the number who may come from Southern and Eastern Europe. The official argument for such action is that immigrants from those parts of Europe are hard to assimilate. The real driving force behind the movement for severely limiting the "newer" immigration is the popular belief in "Nordic" superiority. The Italians, Greeks, Rumanians and Slavs are assumed by the Nordic dogmatists to be inferior, congenitally as well as culturally. It is a dangerous as well as a doubtful assumption. We have among us millions of people who bitterly resent the slur upon their racial character.

ONE of the racial elements in our population that most bitterly resents the imputation of inferior quality is the Italian. As Dr. Antonia Stella points out in a recent book on Italian Immigration (Putnam's) there is something terribly absurd in treating as inferior a race which laid the foundations of modern law and government in the Roman Empire, created the scheme of hierarchial organization

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which still flourishes in the Catholic Church, and restored the humanities after the Dark Ages in the Renaissance. No other people have made contributions to civilization that can be compared with those of Italy. This kind of argument may not weigh with those who explain the progress of civilization in terms of opportunity, tradition and other cultural factors, instead of in terms of congenital racial quality. But those who are seeking to discriminate among races can not avail themselves of any such defence. If the Italian stock produced abundant genius in Italy, it could produce genius here, if we gave it a chance.

THERE is some doubt that the party in power will dare to put through the immigration bill in its present form. Of the nationalities adversely affected by it, the Italians, Russians and Poles have together a naturalized voting strength of nearly 1,500,000. They are heavily concentrated in the industrial states, and might easily determine the outcome of the next presidential election. Every good American would be deeply grieved to see racial questions injected into our national politics. The responsibility for dragging the race issue into politics lies, however, with the 100 percent Nordic Americans, whose provincial prejudices blind them to the desirability of letting well enough alone. The war proved that we were as closely united a country as any of the more homogeneous states of Europe. We were attaining without conscious effort results in assimilation that Germany with all her systematic efforts failed to attain. Our way was right and the German way wrong. It is incredible that we should be adopting the German way.

A RECENT letter from one of our readers calls to our attention an error in fact in an editorial paragraph published in the issue of December 12. We had assumed that bonds issued by one state were immune from taxation by other states as well as by the federal government. Of course they are not, and we might reasonably have been expected to know that they are not. We are grateful to our correspondent for setting us right, and we should have been still more grateful if he had been more prompt about it, so that we could have corrected the error while it was still fresh. We do our best to be straight on our facts, but, alas, we sometimes fail. We do not, however, knowingly persist in an error in the hope that it may pass undetected by most of our readers.

WHEN the oil investigation has bored down to sand and salt water, and there are no more Cabinet officials, assistant-secretaries of navies, "cows," notes, and romantic Colorado newspaper-owners to be pumped up to the surface, while the mood lasts we ought to dig pretty deeply into the Veterans' Bureau. Mr. Will Irwin, in his life of Colonel Forbes in the New York World, shows that the investigation would be at least highly picturesque. Colonel Forbes, who was placed by President Harding in charge of a government service which spent more than $450,000,000 a year, of which anywhere from twenty-five to fifty per cent is said to have been graft, seems, after the event, one of the last people one would have picked for the job. At twelve he entered the Marine Corps as a drummer. At fourteen he was honorably discharged, "with his travel pay in his pocket and some fancy tattooing on his chest and arms." At twenty-two he enlisted in the signal corps. After a few months he deserted. "Once in the period of his desertion he was Fourth of July orator at Goffstown, N. H." Four years later he was caught and put in jail, but reinstated on his promise to be good. After his second discharge he drifted to Honolulu, where he rose to be Commissioner of Public Works. "He had, above all things, the trick of personality," so that when Senator W. G. Harding visited Honolulu Forbes won him completely, so completely that President Harding put him at the head of the Veterans' Bureau, with what results we do not know as we should like to, except for the farewell at the White House, when, says Mr. Irwin, "the best natured of our Presidents shook an erstwhile friend as a terrier shakes a rat and cried: 'You yellow-belly! You've double-crossed me again!'"

WHILE an oily odor still hangs heavy over our national atmostphere, Governor McMaster thinks we had better look further into the matter. In a desperate appeal to President Coolidge he asks the government to do something about the fight between the Standard Oil and the state of South Dakota. In August the state declared war by selling gasolene on its own account, which quickly brought down the price from 26 to 6 cents. The reverberations in neighboring states, says the governor, have resulted in a saving of $150,000,000 to consumers in the last seven months. But the Standard Oil is winning out. Three weeks ago it cornered the crude oil market, and since then the price of gasolene has soared up from 6½ to 15¼ cents a gallon, in spite of the immense surplus stocks of oil in the country. The Governor's challenge is a hard one for the President to ignore at this time: "In view of the oil scandals . . . shall not the Federal Government now take decisive action to control the price of gasolene? And will you not make a reality of your statement to the effect that the people are supreme?"

APPARENTLY the proposed amendment to the Constitution prohibiting the issue of tax-exempt bonds is doomed to failure. It was beaten in the House by seven votes—a small margin, to be sure,

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but indicative of a much more powerful opposition in the state legislatures. For the growing unpopularity of the proposal its friends are largely to blame. They had a valid argument for it in the opportunity tax-exempt securities offer for evading the super tax. On the supposition that two arguments are better than one they dragged in the matter of state and local "extravagance," and the advantage of putting a taxation brake on the movement for public ownership. No more effective way of arousing the states rights sentiment could have been found.

Why a Third Party?

AN article by Mr. John W. Owens published elsewhere in this issue outlines for our readers a significant change of political sentiment which has taken place in Washington since Congress assembled. On December 1 it looked as if President Coolidge's nomination was assured and as if his opponent would almost certainly be some liberal Democrat, such as William G. McAdoo. Few political observers believed that under such conditions the nomination of a third candidate as the representative of the progressives would be possible or desirable. On February 15 the outlook wears a different appearance. Mr. Coolidge is still the apparently inevitable candidate of the Republican party; but in the meantime the other values have radically changed. The class limitations of his policies with respect to taxation and to the economic distress of the farmers has increased the distrust with which he and his party are regarded by the progressives, while the oil revelations have impaired the former disposition to support Mr. McAdoo or any Democrat as the most effective opposing candidate to Mr. Coolidge and what he represents. The tendency of opinion at present is to favor the nomination of a thoroughgoing progressive as the representative of a third party.

If the progressives do decide to run a third candidate, it will be for them a serious and costly decision. The leaders of the progressives in Congress are not homeless radicals who have nothing to lose and everything to gain by fighting outside the breastworks on an exposed front. They are more or less powerful in the Republican or Democratic organizations of their own states, and if they join in nominating a third candidate they risk their political future on the outcome of a hazardous adventure. Practical politicians are almost morbidly aware how unsubstantial and fugitive all revolts against the existing parties have been since the Civil War. They remember the Greenback and the Populist agitation of the last decades of the nineteenth century and the enthusiastic demonstration of the Progressives in 1912. These essays in party heterodoxy were provoked by genuine economic grievances and they dominated for years the policies of large sections of the country. Yet they did not endure. The American party system discourages revolt and punishes rebels. Practical politics is chiefly a matter of organizing in every election district a machine for selecting candidates and getting out the vote; and it seems almost a hopeless task for a new party to compete in this respect with the old parties. The local machines are operated by a standing army of professionals who are accustomed to political vicissitudes and, if defeated, to bide their time. They know that the elaborate American mechanism of elections requires their professional service for its operation. Although an aroused public opinion occasionally reigns, it is, as a matter of fact, the politicians who govern.

The leaders of the progressive group in Congress and elsewhere consequently realize fully the risks and difficulties of using the existing discontent as an excuse for nominating a progressive as the candidate of a third party. If they are not deterred by these obstacles, they are acting under the influence of some unusually powerful compulsion. They are receiving from their own constituents a mandate to go ahead which they do not dare to ignore. President Coolidge, Secretary Mellon and the oil scandals have convinced both leaders and followers of the impossibility of accomplishing through the agency of the old parties any thorough-going economic reforms; and they consider the present moment propitious for breaking away. They expect at best to poll a vote which will put the fear of God into the vested interests, and at worst to maintain outside the old parties the same kind of control over their own states which the Farmer-Labor party is now exercising in Minnesota.

Whether or not the time has come to form a third party is a question to which experience must provide the answer; but it seems worth while to make another attempt. Ever since the days of Jackson, American government has been party government or it has been no government at all. Those who consider it important to accomplish radical economic and social reforms by political means must set up a national party as their instrument—a party which is strong enough to shake Democratic or Republican predominance in a large number of states, hold the balance of power in Congress and force its two rivals to admit their impotence or combine against it. The two existing parties are at present stagnant coalitions. They are either torn by dissension or paralyzed by inertia or blinded by timidity and complacency. They represent a middle class whose interests are becoming identified with peculiarly privileged ownership of property and becoming divided from those of the manual and intellectual labor of the country. They lack any sufficient motive to reform public policy in the light of the novel and urgent needs of the less

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fortunate classes of American people. These classes will remain unfortunate until they prepare to conquer by political and economic organization a share in the government of their country.

Their inability to respond specifically and successfully to popular economic necessities has received a glaring illustration from the futile struggles of the Republican administration and party leaders to deal with the subject of agricultural distress. They had reason to understand the extent of that distress and the dangers which it carried of defeat for them at the coming presidential election. They had every apparent motive and disposition to propose adequate remedies. But they just could not agree upon what the adequate remedies were. Representing, as they do, industrial communities, their vision is limited by the interests of the manufacturer and trader. They are accustomed to consider the habits and interests of the existing method of distributing the national income as fundamentally right. They do not realize how the experience of being ruined must appear to farmers who have been taught to believe that the American political system guaranteed to the worker the secure enjoyment of the fruits of his own labor. President Coolidge acting under the advice of leaders who are blinded by sectional and class interests allowed ruin and distress to overtake thousands of farmers without sufficiently convincing them of his desire and ability to go to their relief. At the same time he gave his enthusiastic support to a program of tax reduction which eased the burdens of the prosperous trading and manufacturing classes, but ignored the needs of the agricultural districts.

In our opinion the grievances of the predominating agricultural party of the country will not be cured, as they have been on several previous occasions, by the inevitable tendency of the existing national economy to right itself. There exists at the very heart of American economy a discrimination in favor of industry and against agriculture which the existing economic and political leadership of the country is not capable of correcting. The discrimination was counteracted until recently by the rapid settlement and cultivation of new lands which attracted population and capital to the soil, but as homesteading ceased it has asserted itself with increasing imperiousness. The traders and manufacturers of the cities are able to exercise a much more effective control over the prices at which they sell their products and services than does the farmer. They are consequently sucking at an alarmingly rapid rate the population, the wealth and the ambition of the American nation away from the countryside. The large profits, the social rewards, the economic power, the exhilarating life are all offered to the urban industrial operator and promoter, the result being that American economy has lost its traditional balance and is steadily becoming more rather than less unstable. The people who profit by this process are blind to its dangers. Obsessed by their own prosperity and that of their own associates they cannot conceive that anything is fundamentally wrong. Since the Republicans came into power they have deliberately increased the advantage of industry as compared to agriculture by presenting manufacturers with a still higher level of protection and by discouraging the sale of American farm products abroad. They are, like Mr. Coolidge himself, the optimistic victims of the present superficial and temporary urban prosperity. They will not wake up to the dangers to themselves and their country of their present self-satisfaction until they see a farmer-labor party, which is able and willing to challenge their power, looming on the horizon.

That is why we believe in the desirability of starting such a party this year and nominating a progressive candidate for the presidency. The new party will not elect its nominee, but it may secure a large enough proportion of the electoral college to throw the election into the House of Representatives. It can almost certainly elect enough congressmen and senators to hold the balance of legislative power in Washington. In that event it would from the start occupy an important strategic position in the terrain of American politics. Its career would thereafter depend upon the ability of its leaders to unite on one platform the other economic groups which suffered from adverse discriminations in the existing conduct of American national business.

This is indeed a task of enormous intrinsic difficulty—far more difficult than that of the Jacksonian Democrats in 1832 or the Republicans in 1860. It would require a coalition between farmers and wage-earners which in turn would require the sacrifice by those of these groups of their exclusive interests and the adoption by them of a program of positive coöperation with other classes in the interest of an increase of producing and consuming ability. It would demand a thoroughly democratic form of party organization which was capable of leavening the local party units into centers of political fermentation and education. It might well take a generation of political agitation to satisfy these demands, and the third party which is likely to be started this year may not be equal to the job. Its leadership may precipitate an era of merely destructive class conflict. But the spokesmen of economic grievances are much less likely to fall into such a mistake if they form a successful party organization and claim a share in the government of the country. For while politics is power, it is power subject to adjustment. That is the chief reason why we are hoping as well as expecting that the economic grievances of today will find some means of obtaining an effective release through political agitation.

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Without Benefit of Hollywood

IF the motion picture producers could put into their deliberate productions half the poignancy and high tragedy they found lying ready to hand when they ransacked their old films the other day for a pictorial summary of the life of Woodrow Wilson, theirs would no longer be counted the slipshod little sister of the arts. For what they found was the stuff of which immortality is made. How thin, in contrast, the stuffed puppets, rocking horses, Pittsburg armor, lathe castles, and other trumpery of their "historical dramas!"

It is March, 1913. Woodrow Wilson is taking the oath of office in front of the Capitol. The Progressive party is not yet dead. He appeals to "all forward-looking men," and an ex-president at Oyster Bay may be heard gnashing teeth. The country applauds. Russia has a tsar. Four marks make a dollar. Germans are human like the rest of us. Belgians were not nice in the Congo.

President Wilson attends a ball game. He smiles as he throws in the ball—a confident, competent American smile that brings muscular folds around the lower jaw. A happy man is this President, glad of power but not dreaming yet of martryrdom and glory.

It is March, 1917. President Wilson, older now by more than four years, is making his second inaugural address. You see him a few feet away above the crook of a raised arm. The great conception of America, of an American president, of Woodrow Wilson, as world peacemaker has mastered and exalted him:

> We are provincials no longer. The tragical events of the thirty months of vital turmoil through which we have just passed have made us citizens of the world. There can be no turning back. Our own fortunes as a nation are involved, whether we would have it so or not.

No continuity man, with the gift of prophecy, cuts in with a picture of Henry Cabot Lodge. Instead we are shown next the departure of the George Washington, with crowds cheering and guns firing salutes. The action quickens, we near the summit of this man's fortunes. There are throngs in the streets of Paris, struggling to get near, for but one look at the face of the foremost man in all the world. Clemenceau, Orlando, Lloyd George and Wilson emerge from a palace door, chat amiably, smile into history, disappear; Wilson, entering last, motions the modest Orlando to precede him. Excited thousands fill from rim to rim the ancient square in Rome, waiting as breathlessly as ever a Roman mob awaited a Caesar marching back in triumph from hard battles on the Rhine frontier. There is an eddy, a breaking wave of hats and white hands flung up; Woodrow Wilson passes by. Again we are in Paris. Woodrow Wilson and John Pershing are reviewing the veterans of the Argonne and the Meuse. They swing past in their tin hats, and we think—and perhaps Woodrow Wilson also thinks—of 50,000 others from Iowa and Maine, from the Snake River, the Hudson and the Rio Grande, who will march no more till judgment day.

A room in a palace. Men about a long table. Bald heads leaning forward anxiously. The treaty of Versailles, of which Article I is the covenant of the League of Nations, is being signed. Again the scene changes. These are American crowds that are cheering now. President Wilson, on his native soil, still wrapped in his majestic dream, is about to announce that not one "i" shall be dotted, not one "t" crossed in his covenant of peace. More American crowds. Files of veterans parading beside the presidential automobile. A tired man, with thinning gray hair, making a last speech.

The action slows down. Dark wings beat down invisibly through heavy air. A worn invalid at an open window, speaking with difficulty to the few hundred that are left of all the cheering multitudes. A weary old man in an automobile smiles a crooked, piteous smile, lifts his right hand as though it were burdened with the woes of the world —and is gone. So, before our eyes, Woodrow Wilson passes into history.

One goes out dazed into the light of day, leaving the showman, these preliminiaries over, to move about painted dolls on a screen.

Relief for the Farmer

IT is agreed that some measure of relief for the farmers of the Northwest is imperative. The banking situation in that section has opened the eyes of even the most conservative members of Congress to the reality of agricultural distress. But what is to be done? Help the banks on the assumption that this will help the farmer? Provide additional credits for those farmers who are not already hopelessly ruined, in order to make possible diversification of production? The latter plan enjoys the favor of President Coolidge. It is not so popular among the farmers themselves, who believe that under present conditions the ways of making money are inscrutable. The price structure, they believe, is rigged against them. And they see no early prospect of relief through such extremely cautious measures as the administration proposes.

There is more interest, among the farmers of the Northwest, in the "Farmers' and Consumers' Financing Corporation" bill, introduced in the Senate by Mr. Norris. This bill proposes to create a corporation, with a capital stock of $100,000,000, all subscribed by the United States government and operated by a board of directors appointed by the President subject to confirmation by the Senate. The corporation would have the power to issue bonds up to five times its paid-up capital. That is, with the full $100,000,000 subscribed by the government, the corporation could raise, if necessary, an additional half billion. These colossal resources

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it would apply to the financing of trade in agricultural products. It would have the power to provide itself with elevators and storage warehouses, to buy agricultural products and sell them at home or export them, to act as selling agent for persons producing or dealing in agricultural products, to make advances for financing the sale at home or abroad of such products.

These details make sufficiently clear the purpose of its framers. They seek to place in the hands of government the power to exert a dominant influence upon agricultural price. If wheat prices began to fall disastrously the corporation would buy wheat, and keep on buying it until the sag in price had become straightened out. Similarly with corn, cotton, tobacco and other imperishable agricultural products. Life would become very uncertain for the bear on produce exchange. His best campaigns would be likely to be frustrated by the simple announcement that the government corporation was out to buy. Later, when the corporation had stocked up, the bulls would also have to look to their lines of retreat.

How are we to judge the value of such an institution? As a purely commercial tool it has little to recommend it. For the work of buying and selling agricultural products no such political institution could match the private trader for efficiency. The collective judgment of the produce traders as to supply, demand and prices would come much nearer to the facts than the best calculations of a public corporation. It is possible that one year with another the public corporation might come out even on its transactions. That is much to expect, however. The political forces operating upon it would conspire to make it buy dear and sell cheap.

But the supporters of the Norris bill are looking entirely beyond the matter of trading profit. They are looking to the possibilities of price control. These are obviously great. Six hundred millions of dollars could take off the market a substantial proportion of every imperishable agricultural product. At least fifteen percent of a year's production of this character could be impounded, and such impounding would make far more than a fifteen percent difference in price. We can see no reason for doubting that a sufficiently vigorous wielding of power by such a corporation might temporarily at least change the whole color of farm finance.

The corporation might increase the aggregate income of the farmers by hundreds of millions, while losing tens of millions itself. That, we agree, is not sound business. But there are emergencies in the life of nations when sound business is properly at a discount. Business was sound enough in Rome when the latifundia were destroying Italy.

In the Northwest, and to only a less extent in some other parts of the country, agriculture is suffering under a prolongued depression. Farmers by the hundred thousand are going bankrupt. The younger and more vigorous men are making for the cities as rapidly as possible. And they are going to stay in the cities. The road from farm to city is a one way road.

If we had, as a fact, too many farmers we might view this situation with complacency. But we have not too many. If we are keeping all our farms in good shape, conserving their fertility, repairing their buildings and fences, as well as providing such improvements as the general progress of the world demands, we should need in the country all the labor and managing ability now there, and more besides. We can do with less labor on the farms, but only at the cost of a subtly depreciating plant.

The post war period of deflation has swept millions of men from the farm. It will sweep more millions into the cities, if we do nothing about it. All the agricultural skill of these men and their congenital aptitude for rural life are sacrificed in the process. These are assets that ought to be worth billions to us, properly conserved and applied. Is this not an emergency whose magnitude thrusts mere business considerations into the background?

We do not see in the Norris bill a final solution of the agrarian problem. We doubt that Senator Norris sees any such virtue in it. But it might help materially to tide us over the period of anaemic foreign markets and inadequate domestic consumption and so keep in the country stock on which to build a sounder system in the future than we have known in the past.

That future system will have to be based chiefly upon the farmer's own initiative, not on governmental aid. Our farmers will have to forget the gains to be made from increasing land values and base their calculations on the annual product of their labor. They will have to learn how to coöperate both in securing supplies and in selling their products. They will have to devise means of restoring the social relations which made pioneer country life pleasant in spite of its manifold hardships. All such changes, however, will come by a gradual, almost imperceptible growth. In the meantime it behooves the economic statesman to see that no widely destructive price changes come over the country like tidal waves, sweeping away the best part of the farming population and the hope it offers of real progress.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The Prospect for a Third Party

THE one political generalization that may be made with safety in Washington now is that all previous generalizations have been knocked into a cocked hat. On December 31, President Coolidge seemed to be assured of the Republican nomination for President, and appeared to have a distinct lead over any candidate who could be nominated by the Democrats. William G. McAdoo seemed to be assured of a majority or practically a majority of the delegates to the Democratic convention, and the only barrier in his way to the nomination was the two thirds rule. The third party idea was reduced to the negligible proportions of ordinary times, for Henry Ford had eliminated himself; Senator La Follette, just out of a sickbed, saw in the long lead of McAdoo for the Democratic nomination a perhaps fatal handicap; Senator Borah was on cordial terms with the President; and Senator Johnson had lost contact.

But within six weeks oil had rasped the Coolidge candidacy almost to the point of panic, eaten the very vitals out of the McAdoo candidacy, so that it lies sprawling on the ground while many of its one-time adherents affrightedly seek a new rallying point; had stimulated the La Follette third party men until they are now on a veritable spree of roseate predictions; had well nigh burned in two the strange cord between Borah and the White House; and had even revived the drooping head of the Johnson candidacy.

It would be idle and silly to attempt now to forecast what is to take place in the future, it being impossible as yet either to measure accurately the full and permanent effects of what has been developed in the oil investigation by Senator Walsh, that grim Democrat of the chiselled stone face from Montana, or to forecast what is to be developed, which may easily become far more devastating in its consequences than what we already have learned. But there are certain broad outlines that may be traced in the political situation as it stands.

The first is the Republican outline. President Coolidge still is far in the lead of Senator Johnson for the Republican nomination, and Senator Johnson is his only open opponent. He is in the lead for two reasons: One is that the oil scandal has not reached his own skirts; the other is that the men, controlling the Republican party, to whom he is the beau ideal of a candidate, or rather of a President, have gone far in identifying themselves with him, and are prepared to risk much to keep him in the White House. His principal danger in the preconvention contest is that the fight on Secretary Denby as an incompetent, and on Attorney-General Daugherty as a grotesque and suspected chief of the Department of Justice, may reach such proportions as to become upper and nether millstones.

But whether or not Mr. Coolidge is nominated, the Republican party must enter the presidential campaign smeared and bedraggled from oil alone —and there are other facts to be mentioned later. It must enter the campaign with its management of probably the most important natural resource of the nation indicted not alone by its enemies and by public opinion, but by its own senators and representatives who voted to institute suits for cancellation of the leases given Doheny and Sinclair. Denounced for years as the party-servant of predatory interests it now can scarcely do better than enter a plea by way of confession and avoidance.

The second of the broad outlines that may be traced now is that of the Democrats. Their party is in the grip of its traditional jinx. If the record of the Wilson administration seemed to be clear on any point, it was that of non-subservience to oil. Oil never was able to get a firm grip on Mr. Wilson's Mexican policy. Oil never could reach the naval reserves while the berated Daniels sat at the head of the Navy. By all the natural breaks of politics, the Democrats should have been in ideal position to take advantage of the uncovering of the Republicans. And the man who was leading for the Democratic nomination was endowed with the temperament to champion a crusade. But that Democrat, of all living members of his party, has been proved to be an employee of Doheny.

Mr. McAdoo's prompt statement that he was employed by Doheny after he left the Cabinet, and that he was retained as a regular attorney, will doubtless hold water from beginning to end. But if John W. Davis was not, in political fact, eligible for the Democratic nomination because he was counsel for Morgan, as the McAdoo men have argued for many months, what possible eligibility for the nomination has the attorney of the Doheny interests?

With the McAdoo candidacy collapsed, the Democrats, instead of being the virtuous beneficiaries of the scandal of the Republicans, find themselves facing twin dangers of enormous proportions. One is the removal of the only candidate they had in sight who was fitted for the kind of fight they should have made and expected to make; the other is the creation of a suspicion in the public mind that they are no better than the Republicans. That latter fact may place a wholly unfair handicap upon some thoroughly respectable conservative, for example, Senator Underwood, regarded as one of the most scrupulous and nicest of men in all his relations by those who know him well, whether conservative or radical. The effect of these two dangers—the one the removal of the Democrats' single candidate of broad appeal, and the other mistrust of any stanch conservative—may well be, and

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many think it extremely likely to be, the nomination of some utterly colorless, meaningless compromise.

Now, when the broad outline of the Republican situation and that of the Democratic situation have been traced in this way, it is discovered that they merge and make the outline of a third party. How real that outline is may be shown by the statement, a conservative one, that if the first subject of discussion in Washington today is the oil scandal, the second one is the prospects for a third party—that party which, save in the minds of a few unterrified enthusiasts, was in a comatose condition a few brief weeks ago. True, much of the third party talk that is heard is in excited tones. Much of it takes no account of the possible resiliency of the old parties, or of any other practical consideration. But on the other hand just as much of it, if not more, comes from hard-headed politicians who have reached Washington because they were able to see and measure the hard facts of politics. With scarcely an exception, the men who have proved that they know the West and the Northwest by winning political fights out there are talking of a third party in serious tones, some gladly, some sadly.

Two old parties bespattered with oil, and two old parties led by conservative candidates or colorless candidates, will be more, these politicians think, than the West and Northwest can stand or will stand. And because that will be more than the West and the Northwest can stand, there are shrewd men from that country, long impatient with the old parties and seeking another, who are thinking in concrete terms of making the plunge into a new movement. Thus, there is arising the possibility of interaction between trained political leadership and the mass that has been missing in previous tentative third party movements. The mind of the mass puts courage into the heart of the leadership; the leadership puts direction into the mind of the mass.

So far in this article, oil has been the ammunition that endangered the old parties and that encouraged the third party men. Let me mention now the other facts alluded to above. There is taxation. When this article appears, the House probably will be in the throes of the fight on the floor over the Republican bill reported from the Ways and Means Committee, embodying the Mellon income tax plan. It is certain as anything can be in politics that upward of one half of the Republican membership of the House will reject the Mellon surtax plan; there was not a single Republican leader in the House who even pretended there was a chance of carrying the twenty-five percent maximum through that body. And that is true, notwithstanding the fact that what seems to have been the most terrific campaign in behalf of a tax policy that this country ever has seen, and quite probably the most expensive campaign, was made for the Mellon plan. The simple truth is that while that campaign drove home to the country the possibility of tax reduction and therefore made tax reduction inevitable, the very size and vigor of the campaign, emphasizing as it did the Mellon plan, galvanized an equally terrific opposition to it. And that opposition is based on a belief, right or wrong, in the West and Northwest that the men who possess the great accumulations of wealth ought to pay a heavy rate of taxes, but that the Administration and the Treasury, influenced by those very men of great wealth, not only do not take the steps that would produce the taxes intended to be gathered from the present rates, but seek to give a measure of relief to these rich men far out of proportion to that intended to be granted to men of small or modest incomes. And since this rebellion against the Administration's tax policy appears in a country in which the great majority of people are bred in the bone Republicans, the thought of a third party is not hard.

There is one other fact of importance that should be mentioned; that is the financial distress of people in great areas of the West. When banks are tumbling day after day in the Dakotas, or so it seems, and but little less frequently in Montana and other states in that part of the country, and when a President like Coolidge, after talking conventionally for weeks about self-help, begins rushing the aid of the government to the stricken districts, it is no longer possible to gloss conditions with talk about the number of automobiles that have been sold out there. The economic system in some parts of the Northwest has reached such an ebb that people are carrying their money around in their trousers' pockets. That state of affairs, piled on dissatisfaction over the Administration's tax policy, with the oil scandal destroying faith in the simple decencies of government at Washington, is calculated to justify predictions that the third party would make a sweep of the entire section.

Such are some of the facts that make, in broad outline, for the third party idea. But I repeat what I said in the beginning, it would be idle and silly to attempt a definite forecast while politics is in its present ferment. Also, there is no escaping the fact that at this time the head and front of the third party idea is La Follette, and that he is nearly seventy years old and has never left the Republican party in the past. Neither is there any escaping the fact that the next man considered for leadership of the third party, Borah, always suffers a savage conflict between his imagination and his instincts when he thinks of leaving the Republican party. And last but not least there is the fact that now bothers Borah, whose imagination is on top at present and who is thinking of a third party every hour—the fact that if he or La Follette or both make the move, they may be trodden under foot in a stampede of cranks and undisciplined theorists.

JOHN W. OWENS.

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The Lincoln School

THERE is a great deal more talk about modern education in these days than there is explanation of it. Educational journals are so pedagogic and educational enthusiasts so windy and abstract, that victims of a system which is not modern do not find themselves much enlightened. Though all so-called progressive schools herald their methods as the new education, these methods differ most radically from one another, and increase the confusion of a puzzled public which is inclined to class them all as freak anyway. Yet in spite of their contradictions, the progressive schools have one point in common—they have all abandoned the old system. They have all abandoned it in the same practical, humanitarian spirit, and turned away from the system to the child. By different methods they are trying to fit themselves to his need, instead of cramming him into their conventional mould, to cut out by sympathy and reason the educational waste of tradition. What must finally be the best means toward this end it will be hard to tell for a number of years, if indeed it ever becomes necessary for education to be perfectly uniform. In the meantime the only way to understand specifically what the new education means is to study the progressive schools, one by one.

The Lincoln School of Teachers College is the most propitious to begin with, I think, because it was founded with an idea of discovering rather than practising a method. It was endowed by the General Education Board to give progressive teachers the time and freedom they need to build the new education on scientific ground. It is an experiment of which the materials are a secure endowment, a carefully equipped building and four hundred boys and girls, whom scholarships and race and class quotas prevent from being a highly selected group. With these materials are working fifty men and women of high ideals and Missouri minds.

The Lincoln School is thus a scientific school. Education may be only a science-by-courtesy, but in no branch of pure chemistry is the scientific spirit, the reasonable, experimental attitude more essential. The purpose of the experiment is useful education. This means education which fits the child for life, which opens wide his capacities for usefulness and joy. The procedure of the experiment is to find out what the child needs to know for this purpose, and when and how to teach it to him. The aim, as well as the method, have a utilitarian, uncultured sound, for "use" is little associated with what is learned at school, and science, which is reason, with the stronghold of dogmatism. They imply something like vocational training, or the exclusive use of Binet tests. But a day in the Lincoln School is enough to dispel such unpalatable preconceptions.

The first characteristic event I ever witnessed at the school was a meeting of the elementary school council. As I entered, the sixth grade pupil chairman, with grave expedition, was disposing of the old business, which concerned a polite but urgent letter to the office requesting umbrella racks, and a report that "much to the regret of the council, the behavior on the bus has not been good. We hope to hear better news next week." New business followed.

"Has the first grade anything to report?" A yellow dutch-cut rose tentatively above the horizon of chair back. The first grade wished, in a husky little voice, to report many class activities. They were: making butter, finding out how plants scatter their seeds, learning to read and write, taking care of a rabbit.

Other class activities were discussed, committees made their reports, the meeting was adjourned. It was all done with frank attention and no embarrassment. None of the members was over eleven years old. I wondered.

A visitor to the Lincoln School stood once in confusion of sawing, sewing, pounding, painting infants.

"How ever can you do so much?" she asked of the nearest child, who sat painting spots on a cow whose barn was in thunderous construction nearby.

"You see," came the grave reply, "we do only one thing at a time."

The shortest cut to the Lincoln School idea is, I believe, through the library. In the large bright room there is a day-long rustle, the audible sign of young minds beginning to work. Third graders come with a sense of importance to take out Celtic Fairy Tales or Zodiac Town or The Little Lame Prince. Seventh grade geographers dig among manuals and year books for topical information on trade routes or city locations. Girls from the ninth grade art class pore over prints of Renaissance costume, while nonchalant students of the senior high school prepare their chemistry bibliographies or hunt down their history topics with unconscious speed.

This, then, is what science and use mean in a school. In the council, the classroom, the library, they mean vivid life and competent unlagging activity. Strict order there is not, but the confusion is purposeful, not wanton; it is a better sign of willing attention than any amount of rigid discipline. Yet at first it is hard to see the guiding method behind this cheerful diligence, the rules by which the experiment is being carried out. The philosophy of the school is very comprehensive, yet out of it can be drawn four cardinal points, four attitudes or assumptions which are, I think, its guiding prin-

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ciples. The first is this:—Nothing has educational value which is not immediately important to the child—that is, unless he learns a thing because it is intrinsically interesting to him, or serves what seems to him an important end, it does not merge into his permanent usable experience. The second:—since there is no compartmenting in life, the school that trains for life must make as few artificial barriers between subjects as possible. Nothing learned in one connection should be forgotten in another because it appears out of its first setting. The interrelations of things must be strengthened, not cut. That is why children at the Lincoln School do only one thing at a time. The third is in a way like the second:—education through all the senses is richer and more permanent than education by eye and ear alone. By *doing* children learn more quickly and more usefully than by merely being told. And lastly, actual freedom and responsibility, actual group-life and coöperation, are the only sound training for making self-controlled, responsible, public-spirited citizens of a democratic country.

Bacon said, "Studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded by experience." The four golden principles of Lincoln curricular reform are aimed at "directions too much at large." They cut down the waste of dessicated, abstract studies, which hang in the child's mind on the end of a mnemonic string until after his examinations; they give vitality and purpose to every aspect of the school, so that no effort is unfruitful in the child's experience. Their application is simply a form of economy.

The result of this economy is something more than quicker and more accurate learning. Take, for example, the elementary grades. In ordinary schools the end of all endeavor for the first six grades is a certain amount of skill in reading, writing, spelling and arithmetic. These minimum requirements are concentrated upon with single-minded energy. There is drill and more drill, and busy manipulation of abstract symbols. Besides the skills a certain number of dates are connected with incidents from history, and pushed, with the capitals and products of the world, into unwilling memories. This is waste. The Lincoln School cuts down the waste, not by more energetic concentration on the essential skills, but by looking beyond them to a broader purpose. The minimum requirements become not an end but a means. What the elementary grades give besides the skills is an attitude, an idea that the world is full of a number of things worth finding out about, a background of vivid sensation and sound social discipline. Mastery of the mechanical skills is carried in this broader aim, complementing and exploiting it. One of the first three grades, which are concerned chiefly with the world close about, may build a toy city, for instance, with docks and stores and fire engines, or a farm with fauna all complete. It does not matter which. What does matter is that working together they make something they feel is eminently worth while, something that they can see and hear and feel—and even taste and smell if possible. Then if they read or write about this thing their chances of putting willing effort into the task are very good. And willing effort is the secret of quick learning and long retention. If they add columns of figures which represent their lunch expenditures for the week, or make change with real money for deposit in the school bank, they learn to add more quickly than if they drilled only on dessicated examples out of a book. If they write a letter to a lady to thank her for giving them a torpedo fish to keep, they pay more attention to their orthography than if they simply copied "the fox jumps over the lazy dog" twelve times for their teacher. By engaging in activities rather than drill, they learn to draw on the whole uncompartmented resource of their experience. The creative music pupils decorate their drums with designs worked out in fine arts. A play written to illustrate an incident in history must be in good English, accurately spelled and punctuated, clearly spoken, the costumes neatly sewn and harmoniously colored, the program correctly set up and printed. A class studying food must work coöperatively, touching on geography, history, economics, bacteriology, civics, arithmetic, household arts. It must use maps and charts, read rapidly and selectively in reference books, conduct experiments, make excursions, give oral and written reports. At the end of the sixth grade the Lincoln School children not only know reading and writing and arithmetic, they know how to use and enjoy them.

Besides this kind of economy, based on the characteristic principles of the school, there is another which is aimed at the mechanical processes of learning which cannot be avoided. For of course interest can never entirely supplant drill. There must always be a certain amount of exercise and repetition, especially in learning the skills. But instead of prescribing an arbitrary amount, or overdrilling backward pupils, the Lincoln School tries to determine how much is useful, how much ineffectual. Special investigations of the way children learn have entirely changed the way of teaching reading, for instance. Instead of memorizing their alphabets first, the children begin with whole words, which they learn to recognize before they break them up into their component letters. By diagnosing backwardness in reading and spelling, another special investigator has cured children whom no amount of ordinary drill could help. Research of this sort, by clarifying the laws of learning in special fields, makes it more and more possible for teachers to know what they are doing, less bearable for them to wear away their patience and their pupil's interest by unintelligent drill.

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School windows too often open on a forbidding prospect of college walls, with no view of the busy street and the open country. Consequently all the attention of the high school is fixed upon requirements for examination,—on what the children "will be expected to know." Preparation for life is overlooked in the busy preparation for college. The Lincoln School reverses this. The same *inclusion* of essentials in a broader aim is true of the high school as of the elementary grades, and it is, in the same way, a matter of economy. By teaching what is useful in a vital way, the school expects to attain greater accuracy and more intelligence in examinations than the conventional prep-school. For this end the junior high school is made a sort of shelter against inclement college requirements, a place where girls and boys of twelve to fifteen find out what living on the planet earth in the twentieth century involves, and what in the variety of human occupations they are most fitted for. They study English, mathematics, general science, social science, and a modern language, because all these things are indispensable to a modern man or woman. Latin and Greek, always the heritage of the few, are pushed out of a curriculum which is to enrich living for the many. They also have training in art, music and physical education, and in household or industrial arts. With this broad background they enter the senior high school, ready to attack advanced and specialized courses with the capability of mature students. They are fitted to study subjects, not merely to rehearse for examinations.

To take a subject like English or mathematics, and break it up, examine it, and make it over to fit exactly the needs and interests of most children is on a small scale as much of a task as reorganizing the whole school. The revision of every course in the curriculum is thus in itself an adventurous experiment. I do not mean that it is incautious,—for the Lincoln School treads carefully, if fearlessly, on strange ground,—I mean that the courses which emerge from the experiment are new and marvellously interesting. Out of the experimental combination of geography, history and civics, for instance, has been evolved a social science course which gives the essentials of all three in one reasonable articulated study. After a careful survey of all the possible materials for this course, and long deliberation over their arrangement, the first curriculum was drawn up and taught from mimeographed texts, which were revised each year for three years. Then in 1922-1923 the texts were published in pamphlet form and sent out to more than a hundred coöperating teachers, who used them and reported their criticisms. On the basis of these criticisms they were revised again, and sent out for a second trial this year. By continued research and ex-groups studying the old system, the Lincoln experimentors are making still further efforts to perfect their arrangement. When the work is finished, they will have the experience of other practised teachers besides their own to prove the success of the Lincoln method of teaching the most important body of information which young citizens can learn.

The content of the course is not linear but three dimensional. It does not artificially disentangle history, geography, and civics, but deals with topics into which enter all three at once. The first seventh grade pamphlet is called Town and City Life, beginning, that is, with the immediate environment of the child, with the plan of his town, the housing, public health, food and water supply, the schools, recreation, press, population, etc. The study is carried on as a survey, for which the class organizes into a group with chairman and officers. Then, as it is necessary to have a civic laboratory, they draw up bibliographies on towns and cities, write to civic organizations for bulletins and literature, start scrap-books of newspaper clippings, and keep bulletin boards and current magazines in the classroom. By the end of the course, they have prepared enough material in maps and plans and graphs to give a community exhibit of conditions in their city. The next pamphlet deals with key industries in a modern nation, the next with the interdependence of communities and nations, the last (for the seventh grade) with a discussion of the American people, the races and nationalities which make it up, and how they settled the American continent. The newspaper will never be a bore or an effort for children who study thus the problems of their world. They will not have to grope for the unrelated facts they learned in school, for they are taught their facts in the way they need to know them, and in a way that lets them understand their interest and importance. Here is a course without any "directions too much at large."

This is only one of many similar experiments. The method is in every case as careful and as broadly conceived. In science and mathematics, where more definition is possible, it is very exact indeed. But the Lincoln School does not limit its economy to the revamping of courses. Education is too many-sided for that. It may be true that interest is the most profitable factor in learning, but it does not follow that compulsion is not sometimes necessary, and the Lincoln School does not carry the interest doctrine so far that its pupils learn nothing they do not want to. It may be true that there is an unpredictable element in every human being which makes individual attention necessary, but it does not follow that there are not some broad laws of general development which it is valuable to know. In one room of the Lincoln School, therefore, like a court astrologer in his tower, sits the school psychologist surrounded by her mystic data,—tested records of the mentality and achievement of each of the four hundred pupils, files of parents'

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and teachers' estimates of their initiative, leadership, industry and other personal characteristics. These records not only shed light for the most enlightened teacher, they establish consistent data for the science of applied psychology. Since "there is no education but life" the extra curriculum activities of the Lincoln School are not really extra curriculum at all. Councils, committees, assemblies, game-clubs, social dances, scouts, publications,—all these things have their purpose in the broad apprenticeship which the children serve, all are understood in this relation by the staff. Even the school building with its carefully planned equipment might be said to have a place in the curriculum. Of course, parents cannot be left out of education. One Monday morning I attended a parents' study class where fifty mothers discussed with heat theories of hereditary and environmental limitation. These classes extend the usefulness of the school, by training parents to classify and to interpret what they observe in their children. Other meetings are held under the Teachers'-Parents' Association for open discussion of such topics as "the purpose of homework and methods of doing it," "psychological tests," etc.; and the school receives a double benefit of confidence and criticism. Even visitors are not neglected as a source of suggestion. Recognition of complexity, systematic open-minded attention to every element in the complex—that is reasonable education. It is rich and well-rounded because it is economical.

Though the Lincoln School is not the only progressive school in the country it is the only one which looks beyond itself to the whole field of education. Its experiments are submitted to the educational world just as findings of any scientific laboratory belong to science. It is, in fact, just such a laboratory. And though its work is only beginning, it has already paved a solid path toward the ideal that "There is no education but life," the ideal, we must believe, of the new education.

ELIZABETH VINCENT.

Armenians and the Lausanne Treaty

IT is difficult to write with patience or tolerance of the attempt being made to prevent ratification of the treaty negotiated with Turkey at Lausanne and to stir up anti-Turkish feeling generally. I am referring to the campaign inaugurated by the committee headed by Mr. James W. Gerard, a committee of distinguished men of whom the most charitable that can be said is that they do not understand what they are doing. More is at stake than the ratification of a treaty, much more; and to one who has been recently in the Near East and learned how inflammable is the situation there it is appalling to see the irresponsibility with which men who should know better fling sulphurous words about.

The main objections advanced against the treaty are that it abandons the right of extra-territoriality for Americans living in Turkey and that it fails to secure independence for the Armenians. As for extra-territoriality, that has been yielded by every other country in the world, including those which have more at stake than America. They have yielded it because the alternative was to impose it by force. They tried that and failed. They accepted the inevitable then and made peace without extra-territoriality. The same alternatives are open to America: fight or renew relations without extra-territoriality. Mere repudiation of the treaty will not get it for us.

More important, however, is the Armenian question. It is on this point the opponents of ratification are making their most perfervid attacks. I am not concerned here with the deserts of the Armenians, with their sufferings or the validity of their claim to independence. That is not at issue. What alone is pertinent now is that the Turks have won. The Treaty of Sèvres did provide a "home" for the Armenians, but the Turks by force of arms have torn up that treaty. Now the situation in short is that the Turks are four or five million and the Armenians less than one-eighth as many, including the refugees and those still in Turkey. The Turks are well armed, the Armenians altogether without arms. The Turks will not give the Armenians independence and it is a physical impossibility for the Armenians to win it by their own efforts.

If we want an independent Armenia, if we conceive our so-called pledges as binding us to bring it about, we cannot do so by any action we take on the treaty. That will not affect the position of the Armenians by a jot. It will leave them just as they are. If we want an independent Armenia we can get it in only one way. We can send 500,000 American troops to wipe out the Turkish army and then keep as many more there for years to police Asia Minor. Nothing else in the world will give the Armenians independence. On that one question the Turks will fight to extermination. Whether right or wrong, such is the fact. Anybody who has been in Turkey and talked to Turks of every degree from the hamal on the docks to the most liberal professor will agree that this is true, regardless of his own feelings about the Armenians. We can either fight or forget Armenian independence. Whether we like it or not, that is the choice. To refuse to ratify the Lausanne Treaty because

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it puts into writing what is a patent physical fact, namely, that the Turks have won, is not only futile but supremely silly.

It is worse. It is not only negative, it is an act of betrayal of the Armenians. There is now in Turkey a movement for reconciliation between the Turks and Armenians. I can say from first-hand knowledge that it has the support of the leaders of the Armenian community. They realize now that it is only suicidal to struggle against physical laws. They are in a small minority and they cannot win independence by themselves. They must therefore leave Turkey or make their peace with the Turks and come to some modus vivendi with them. They do not want to leave Turkey, so they have decided on the latter. The movement may come to fruition and it may not, but in any case there is no other hope for the Armenians. Anything else will result in their gradual extermination. The wiser among them know that.

They know that well enough but they would be more than human if they were not embittered by their sufferings in the last generation and ready to seize the slenderest hope for escape from the dilemma. This could only be help from outside. It would not take much encouragement from outside to stir them up again. They have been induced to rise before by such encouragement. Now one power and now another has promised them support if they revolted. Always they have been let down and then compelled to face Turkish vengeance defenceless, because the promises given them have been prompted not by any special sympathy for them but by a desire to weaken Turkey by striking at it from within. This has been the real tragedy of the Armenians. They have been sacrificed to the rottenness of international politics.

The more sophisticated Armenians have learned their lesson and are sceptical now of foreign promises. But there are those among them, the younger and more headstrong, who have not yet accepted the lesson; and the hate generated against the Turks by the deportations and massacres would easily overthrow the balance of the coolest among them if again there were chance of help against the Turks. This is the danger of the campaign being made up now in this country. It will mislead the Armenians again. They will the more easily misunderstand American intentions because they know America is politically disinterested. They will read the over-heated speeches in the Senate and elsewhere, the editorials so easily tossed off in the press by those who follow the herd, the hysteria that can always be whipped up in the churches against the Infidel Turk. They will misunderstand the verbal tempest as the nation's will and purpose. They will not realize the evanescence of the enthusiasm generated by luncheons with speeches in this country. And if in addition the treaty be formally rejected they will take that as official token of America's approval of their intransigeance and as promise of support.

The movement for reconciliation with the Turks will be scuttled. There will be plottings and perhaps small uprisings. But those will be enough. The Turks will act, quickly and relentlessly. And then, when the Armenians discover—what everybody in this country knows now—that not a corporal's guard can be raised in America to fight for them, it will be too late. The Turks will act. This time there will be no mercy at all. Those Armenians who cannot escape will be massacred, men, women and children. And though Turkish methods may not be defensible, their policy is only that which any other nation would adopt. For Armenians in Turkey substitute Negroes in America. What would happen to the Negroes if they rose in armed rebellion, especially if they had already done so more than once in league with enemies then at war with America? But if it comes to that in Turkey and the Armenians are massacred, the blood will be on the heads, not of the Turks but of those Americans who with wanton and cowardly irresponsibility have piped the Armenians on to their death. This is what really is at stake in the fight being made against the Lausanne Treaty.

These men who are making their melodramatic appeals on Armenia's behalf are doubtless sincere. They are also safe. They will remain safe, come what may in Turkey. The net effect to them will be a satisfying emotional orgy, the romantic luxury of feeling themselves to be friends of the oppressed, fighters for lost causes, upholders of the banner of idealism and all that.

Some do it for the Armenians, some for the Chinese, some for the Koreans and others for the Hindus, Egyptians or any other people subject to some other nation than America. I have seen this sort of thing before in many parts of the East and I have seen its consequences. I have seen subject peoples before, hesitant on the brink of rebellion, pushed over by the wind of American vocal sympathy—misled by American loose-lippedness and the glib and easily given sympathy of liberals who mean well but do not know how dangerous are the elements with which they are playing. In most cases the danger is not so immediate and acute. In this one it is. The Armenians have already suffered as no other people in modern times. To submit them to more, to their doom in fact, while we remain safe and vocal is cowardice of the most pusillanimous sort. Either we must fight for the Armenians or maintain the decent dignity of silence.

The ratification or non-ratification of the Lausanne Treaty is more than a political and diplomatic question. Our action may have consequences nothing less than ghastly.

NATHANIEL PEFFER.

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According to Elmer

JOHN T. WHARTON, the self-styled popular plumber, glanced at the dateline on the paper he had just bought.

"Well, Elmer," he said, "we got to work an extra day this month."

"You're right, at that," said the news-store man, "but there's something else going to be wished on us this year besides the twenty-ninth of February."

"Cold weather?" asked the optimistic plumber.

"No, a hot campaign."

"Oh, that?"

"I'm surprised at you, John. You sit around with your pipe dreams when your country is facing the most important crisis since the Civil War."

"How do you get that way?"

"I don't know yet. We just got through the prelims; wait till the semi-finals.

"You can't go by last year, John. The year before is all blah. You can't tell what the Barkises are barkin' about. I bet I've swallowed three tons of that hop sitting here looking over the papers when trade was slack. Take the February magazines which came out last fall and try to dope out what it's all about and where do you get off? Ford was always good to his mother and the help, Coolidge wrote a nice letter to a shoemaker and McAdoo was kind to horses. Sometimes if you listened close you could tell what people were against. Pinchot was against hooch, Bryan was against monkeys, Coolidge was against taxes and Johnson was against Coolidge. But when it came to figuring out what anybody would do about anything, there wasn't a kick in a barrel of them. Every bird of freedom had one ear to the ground and was watching which way the cat was going to jump. If there was a convention of the hardware association or something and a candidate had to spill a little chatter he'd make a noise like this:

"'I stand for the hundred percent American home. I am not only in favor of American mothers, I am also in favor of American fathers. Some of the noblest people America has ever produced have been mothers and the rest have been fathers.' After a while he'd speak a kind word for the working people who are the backbone of the American nation, for Valley Forge, prosperity, Lincoln, for farmers who are the backbone of the American nation, for business men, the American flag, thrift, the little red schoolhouse, mother's knee and for children, who are the future backbone of the American nation. If he'd think of it, he'd mention the word American before he was through. But otherwise he was mostly cagey. 'Look before you leap' was the motto on the candidate's wall. It was Look-Before-You-Leap-Year.

"Take Ford for instance, John—there was a fine 1923 model of a candidate. Nobody was hep to what he thought about anything except Jews and history. You could roll your own platform. His enemies, the walking classes, were all being killed off or converted to gas and the Lizziebird was sitting pretty. So Hank and his sidekicks kidded themselves along till cold weather. Then curiosity seekers began pestering him to come out of the flivvery stable and do a little announcing. His playmates wanted a platform and so did the other birds, so they could grease it for him.

"'What party do you belong to, and how come?' the politicians asked, trying to look innocent. That's the one Herb Hoover bit on four years ago just before they pinned the raspberry on him.

"Henry began to get peevish. Couldn't they let a guy rest his feet after a hard day's work and not go around nights running for something? One evening he came home tired after making ten thousand of those Hankensteins, and running a railroad and buying a set of coal mines and he said:

"'Mother, let's not be President or anything.'

"That listened good to the missus. She'd been reading about how the White House was in bad repair. Henry's a man that folds up a big wad of jack on Saturday night and they'd been having things nice lately. Wouldn't they be saps to go back to putting dishpans under the leaky places in the roof like they did when Edsel was little and the factory was the west end of the woodshed?

"So Ford announced that Coolidge was a fine safe man and if we weren't all dumb-bells we wouldn't have a campaign at all but just work hard and maybe go out riding once in a while.

"Now it's 1924 and everything is going to be different. Last year the best argument Cal Coolidge put up was his dad's settin' room kerosene lamp and now kerosene is about as popular as the flu. Already a lot of the boys from the Interurban League have shown their stuff and gone back to the sticks. Jim Watson came out of his hole and saw his shadow and crawled in again. Bryan's candidate, Professor What'shisname, hit the canvas just before the first round began. Pinchot sat in a game where the dice was educated and from what I hear he's out of luck. McAdoo had his ear to the ground and got it all over oil, and that was that.

"Other statesmen are still sitting with the headphones on listening for their country's call but all they've heard up to yet is bedtime stories. By the time Tex Rickard holds his convention in Madison Square Garden, and the Cleveland hotel men are parking the patriots under the cigar counter there'll be a lot more hungry faces missing in the picture.

From now on people will ask pestiferous questions and candidates will have to come out from

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behind the starry banner and root for something besides Valley Forge and mother's knee. Folks will ask about bonuses and taxes and booze and Klucks and Boks. Are you for high priced wheat and low priced bread? Should foreigners be done away with entirely or should we save some to sell things to? At any minute somebody is likely to holler, 'Are you one of the Socony boys or do you get your meal ticket from an independent refiner?' "

"Well, it sounds exciting," yawned the popular plumber.

"Yep," said Elmer. "This is the year of the great open faces." FELIX RAY.

The New Englander

The New Englander, by Abby Merchant. Forty-Eighth Street Theatre. February 7, 1924.

THE latest Equity play tells the story of a New England mother whose son, Seth, takes after his dead father, a weak, plausible and adored creature who worked havoc with other people's lives and other people's money. In the house is Helen Estabrook, the daughter of a man who had shot himself because of Seth's father. There is Judge Robert Keene—well played by Mr. Gilbert Emery—who is Helen's guardian; and James McCall, a business man from the Middle West; and Annie, the family servant. The ward comes of age, she learns that her lover has got himself in great need of money and gives to him power of attorney over her property. It turns out then that Seth has drawn all the girl's money to pay off McCall. This is a criminal offence. The mother is overcome with the recognition of the fact that her son is repeating his father's history. She decides that the boy must take the legal consequences of his act and not be as his father had been eased and ruined by loving help from others. Up to the last the young man is confident that the money will be forthcoming from somewhere. His mother, seeing that he will remain the same whatever happens, kills herself in order to leave him her property and so solve at least the case in hand.

The New Englander is a play above the average in our theatre, a play written for the most part—except for a few sentimental musings—like that in which the young girl compares the rose leaves rather patly to memories and so on and so on—sincerely and agreeably. There is an effective curtain where Helen hears that the blame for her father's death could be put on her lover's father; scattered through the scenes there are moments of deep feeling, dignity and quiet honesty. The New Englander is a play not false and not wholly true, but steady and serious.

Among the actors there is a notably smooth playing together. And no one part could be said to be badly played. Miss Strickland as the maid is good, she is tart and loyal and dry; Mr. Arthur Shaw in his first scene, which has in it every inducement to forcing and heavy underscoring, plays extraordinarily well the Middle Westerner in contact with the alleged culture of the East. Miss Katherine Emmet, though she slows her tempo at times to a quietness beyond the actual need, plays the mother with a fine distinction and security and manages to suggest intensity and self-discipline at the same time and a certain shy and grave inner poetry.

And yet in spite of the play's being at least above the average in this field of American realism and in spite of the acting, The New Englander is almost a dull evening in the theatre, not quite but almost. And what it lacks is what so much dramatic writing in modern English lacks whenever there is an attempt to set down seriously a serious passage from life.

These plays mean well. They intend to present honestly a certain reality as it appears to the dramatist. What is lacking, when you come to the bottom of the matter, is theatricality. Since there is no such thing as life as it really is but always some interpretation or impression of what life appears to be to this eye or that, it follows that the life that is to engage us fully in the theatre must be life seen with the theatre eye.

In The New Englander the incidents that occur have a thousand aspects, one at least of which must have about it a certain heightening, a certain pressure and gusto, a certain intensity, if you like, and glow and urgency, that make it theatre. This aspect the dramatist must discover. A stubborn conviction on his part that any element discerned in life may be forthwith presented in the theatre leads only to confusion. A moonlight night in summer is better suited to the painter's or the poet's uses than to the architect's or sculptor's. The form of a design cannot be rendered in poetry. The longing for home cannot be painted, though music may convey it to us. Only those elements in each of these instances can become sculpture, or poetry, or painting, as the case may be, that have about them something essentially of the nature of these separate arts; and the artist's necessity is to find in whatever arises before him the elements that can pass into his art. The sculptor looking on the moonlit garden may not put it straight into his art, from which, as it happens, such a scene is very far off and hopelessly elusive. The musician, also, must find his own way toward recording his experience of this garden moonlight. The dramatist has the same problem with the varieties of human experience, he must find those suited to the theatrical, and he must render into his art this theatrical material and possibility. The New Englander and many another play, including most of the Manchester School of drama, are somewhat dulling and negligible for audiences because they lack, not glare and exaggeration, not excitement, not sensations—which might be argued by the ignorant as the theatrical necessities—but because they evince small talent for seeing their matter with the stir and heightening upon it, the peculiar irrepressible life, the continual slight glamor in recognition and surprise, the unescapable rhythm, the diverse fresh vitality and pattern, in which the theatrical—no matter what the kind of drama is—consists.

A certain middle-class desire moves commonly enough toward a denial of all difference and a levelling down of everything in art to an easy comprehension. But an art has by reason of its very nature its own mystery and evocation. It moves, in so far as it succeeds at all, toward its own completion and its own independence of what is outside itself. And from such a condition of completeness and security does the theatrical—like every other art—achieve its characteristic; it heightens, isolates, selects and arranges its moments for its own ends and its own unity and power. Nothing out of experience is essentially sculptural, musical or theatrical until it is free to be stated in the terms of these. And in every experience as we meet it in life and as the artist seeks to include it in his art, there is the truth of the art involved; in the theatre for instance a thing is true only through its theatrical truth. And if this theatrical truth is not discerned the play or the scene remains, unreal, slow and slightly depressing. STARK YOUNG.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Mr. Filene's Town Hall Speech

SIR: May I express my disagreement with the inference of the editorial in your issue of December 26 in regard to my Town Hall speech of December 14.

I intended no apology for M. Poincaré nor even a conditional moral approval of his conduct toward Germany. As an American and a worker in behalf of peace, I am categorically behind the effort to substitute the rule of law for that of war. I plainly stated, in the speech referred to, that the Franco-German situation endangers the peace of the world, and it is because I realize that "violations of ordinary moral responsibility toward other human beings breed future wars" that I condemn that situation.

It is certainly not approval of M. Poincaré's policy to assert that as a Frenchman I would have supported that policy. I express there the viewpoint of the great majority of the French people. In interpreting that viewpoint I am not concerned with the rights or wrongs of the policy which it supports; I am interested only in the facts which make possible the support of such a policy.

I did not assert that because the United States and Great Britain refused to guarantee French security, France was justified in crushing Germany. Assuredly I realize that a common will to peace means that no nation's security depends upon the ruin and disintegration of another's. I did assert that in view of the non-ratification of the stipulated guarantees from the United States and Great Britain no French government could have survived if it had tried to follow any other policy than that of continued pressure on Germany. There is wide difference between the justification of a policy and a statement of that policy, and I hold that no careful reading of my speech can lead to the possible interpretation that I have justified the crushing of Germany.

The support of the Poincaré foreign policy by the great majority of the French people is an indisputable fact. However unjust and unwise that policy may be, it is natural and understandable, in view of all that France has gone through. It is based on the fear of Germany. Remove that fear through assurances of safety, by some form of collective guarantee, and a continued policy of armed aggression would become impossible in France.

The French people are not militaristic. Next to being assured safety from Germany they want to escape from the heavy taxes due to the war debts, the up-keep of the army, and the expense of restoring invaded provinces. They have no illusions about the reparations a divided Germany can pay, and if they could feel secure against another German attack they would rather see their neighbor restored and in a position to pay than divided and bankrupt.

The achievement of peace in Europe must come through some form of league, or society or association of nations. Assuredly the people of Europe are not incapable of control over their own affairs, but we cannot be indifferent to a situation which immediately concerns us and which we can help to remedy. Isolation is no longer possible. It is our responsibility as a member of the Society of Nations to help provide an organization by which we can live as neighbors under the rule of international law. It is the solution of the Franco-German situation. That organization which we should immediatly give our support to is the World Court, backed by economic sanctions.

Boston. EDWARD A. FILENE.

Mr. Keynes and "Foreign Affairs"

SIR: "Alpha", the author of the article entitled Reparations and the Policy of Repudiation published in the September issue of Foreign Affairs, will doubtless himself reply to the criticism of his article advanced by Mr. Keynes in The New Republic of January 23. But as Mr. Keynes's comments are chiefly concerned with the policy of Foreign Affairs in not printing a communication from him on the subject, may I make clear our attitude in such matters?

The three-month gaps occurring between the issues of a quarterly publication led the editors of Foreign Affairs at the time of the establishment of the review to adopt the policy of not publishing letters and correspondence. The history of the present controversy seems to confirm the wisdom of this decision.

About October 20 we received from Mr. Keynes a brief note enclosing a clipping of a letter which he had written to the London Times in reply to "Alpha's" statement that various figures in A Revision of the Treaty were incorrect. In this communication to the Times Mr. Keynes admitted the inaccuracy of certain of his figures, but pointed out that the degree of inaccuracy alleged by "Alpha" was exaggerated. It happened that the letter from Mr. Keynes to the London Times had already been seen in this country and, I think, commented on in one or two of the newspapers. On receipt of the clipping from Mr. Keynes, however, I took occasion to send copies of it to a number of the New York papers, in order, as I wrote Mr. Keynes, that his point of view might be generally known. (In Mr. Keynes's brief covering letter he made no specific request that it or the clipping be reprinted in Foreign Affairs.)

On November 22 we received a second letter from Mr. Keynes requesting an immediate answer as to whether or not we were preparing to publish his previous letter (including, presumably, a copy of the communication to the London Times, as his covering letter did not by itself tell a complete story). To this I replied that we must persist in our policy not to publish correspondence; that, in any case, the December issue was already on the press; and that by March, when the next issue would appear, the matter would be of small interest to the American public.

The prolongation of our trans-Atlantic correspondence with Mr. Keynes, and the necessity we should doubtless have been under to print in turn a counter-reply from "Alpha", with the further probability that Mr. Keynes would have wished to make a rejoinder,—a controversy which in quarterly instalments might have lasted for months and even years,—confirms us in the belief that it is impracticable for Foreign Affairs to publish correspondence. We are glad, however, that Mr. Keynes has been able to state his position freely in the New Republic, as well as in letters to the London Times, the London Economist, the London Economic Review and other publications which appear at such frequent intervals that they can give space to thrashing out the details of fact which he considers still to be in dispute.

New York City. HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG.

Forcing Through the Bok Plan

SIR: I would like to express my appreciation of the article The Bok Plan—Education or Propaganda, which appeared in the January 23 issue of the New Republic. I would like also to relate an incident which well substantiates the writer's argument,—and may enlighten some as to the value of the popular vote on the plan.

The students of Jackson College, (Women's Division of Tufts College) were assembled for regular chapel exercises. The Dean of the Theological School announced that there would be a vote taken on the Bok Plan. In order that they might not vote "blindly" they were given pamphlets containing the plan. After five minutes or less the students, many of whom knew little about the League of Nations, less about the Peace Conference, and almost nothing about international law, not to mention the present foreign policies of the United States, were asked to vote.

These circumstances alone would have rendered the vote almost valueless, but in addition to all this the Dean spoke for some time on the merits of the plan. He urged them to accept it irrespective of their comprehension of it. He concluded with a statement that amounted to:— Those who do not vote affirmatively are in favor of war.

When he retired, the Dean of Jackson College enlightened them on some points of form in voting. She said that she took for granted that they had been reading the newspapers and

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added that there was no need of much time for consideration of the plan. She, herself, had voted affirmatively after considering it for a comparatively short time. Of a student body of 185, 170 voted; 164 of these affirmatively, 6 negatively.

If college women,—America's "intellegentsia"—can be persuaded to vote so on such an immense proposition, what can we expect of the one-newspaper-reading public? If deans can speak so to students, what can we hope to demand from politicians?

"The Bok Plan,—Is it education or propaganda?"

HARRIET J. GOLDBERG.

The Freeman and the American Mercury

SIR: I note with interest the birth and death notices in your latest number, the American Mercury and the Freeman starring. I must admit, however, that the welcome you gave the former sounds strangely like the death knell you tolled for the latter. I tried hard several times to be one of the 30 per 100,000 to support the Freeman. But because of its self-satisfied certainty that the world is made up of omniscient angels and natural fools, the former being limited to its editors and contributors and the latter embracing the rest of the known world, I finally gave up.

Conviction is to be set above vacillation, naturally. But one can be honest and occasionally admit that one who disagrees might just possibly be neither fool nor demon. The American Mercury, I judge, cannot go that far. I frequently tremble for fear the New Republic will not!

Cincinnati. WILLIAM CLARK TROW.

Undisciplined Mothers

SIR: I agree with the editors that the "ex-mother" as I might call her would connote as teacher a more real education than that which is so often confused with mere discipline. But what I want to know is why Alice Wholey thinks the decisions of a mother "can hang fire" or that "there is time to wait for the carrying out of commands?"

I know of no position that demands such rapid-fire decisions as motherhood! Many many times each day a mother must make quick decisions, some of them of immense importance, others that while seeming of less significance at the moment, nevertheless all go to make that environment, background, atmosphere—call it what you will—that ultimately becomes character. A mother who fails in wisdom, in human understanding, in sympathetic insight, in a sense of humor at the point of the pistol, fails in her job.

Moreover, a disciplined child, one it appears to me of even good breeding, is not one who "feels there is time for the carrying out of commands." Death itself has been known to lurk in a postponed obedience! The mother who has gained the confidence of her children, who has ruled always by justice and insight, need not fear to be regarded as a tyrant. A child is marvellously just, and receptive and appreciative of a "square deal."

I do so hate to see the tremendous, the transforming, the winged responsibilities of motherhood belittled. An unwise, an undisciplined teacher is after all of so much less moment than an unwise, undisciplined mother.

ANNIE NATHAN MEYER.

English as the Universal Language

SIR: In your January 9 number, you speak of the impetus that the radio is giving to the movement for an international language. I feel the necessity for that more and more since the World Peace Conference at Geneva—when the statesmen could not understand each other.

My solution is, let every country have its own language and English, that being the most universally used around the world. Such a development would lead, eventually, to the one language, one people, one Nation.

KATE CRANE-GARTZ.

Altadena, California.

The Bandwagon

THE LIGHT OF ASIA

So deeply did the Standard impress itself upon the Chinese life and mind that the native phrase for it, Mei Fooy, became a household word. Every street urchin knows it. Nor is it without magic.

When Miss Lucy Aldrich, the sister-in-law of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was captured by Chinese bandits in the spring of 1923 she began to call out *"Mei Fooy,"* the only Chinese phrase she knew. She was the first of the prisoners to be released.

—Isaac F. Marcosson in the Saturday Evening Post.

PASSING THE BUCK

Twenty Negroes arrested in a raid on a pool-room at Johnstown on Dec. 24 were fined $50 and ordered to leave the city by Mayor Joseph Cauffiel. "Go back south and don't show your face again above the Mason-Dixon line," the Mayor ordered in disposing of the cases.

American Civil Liberties Bulletin.

GRIM REALISM

Films often show life as it is, but never with vice triumphant.—*Will H. Hays.*

When something goes wrong at a party and a man is ungentlemanly enough to shoot some one or commit suicide—then we girls are blamed.—*Hope Hampton.*

THE MINIMUM WAGES OF SIN

A girl from the West Virginia Mountains begins serving 34 years in prison for moonshining. The sentence was seven years and $6000 fine and costs. Unable to pay the fine, she faces the prospect of working it out at sixty cents a day.—*Norfolk Post.*

SAVED FROM DEMOCRACY

WILKES-BARRE, Pa., Jan. 28.—Mayor Daniel L. Hart today supported the action of members of the American Legion in breaking up a meeting called yesterday to honor the name and memory of Nicolai Lenin. To members of the Workers Party of America, who protested that their right of free speech had been abrogated, he declared that in the future the city will not issue a license for any public meeting unless such a meeting is approved by the American Legion.—*New York Times.*

THE NO'S HAVE IT

Would it be a good thing for the Chinese to become more like us? To this question, most of us would answer "Yes"; most Chinese would answer "No."—*Our World.*

JOSHUA COMMANDS SONS TO STAND STILL

The world is sick and nightfall hovers over civilization; it will only be as you boys develop into sturdy Americans, clear-thinking Americans, that the evil conditions produced by the war will disappear.

The cure lies not in new-fangled notions, but in going back to first principles. Let me plead with you to be as old-fashioned as possible. Old-fashioned in your ideas, old-fashioned in your morality, and old-fashioned in your costume. Do not be afraid to wear old clothes.

—Tax Commissioner G H. Payne, New York.

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The Old Woman Remembers

An old woman is sitting in an almost dark room. She has placed seven candlesticks on the table. At the end of the first verse she lights a candle and puts it in a candlestick and after that lights each one from the candle last lighted. She sits by the table and speaks as to herself:

Seven hundred and a half of years
Are gone since Strongbow took the sway,
Put Ireland under grief and tears,
A ball struck here and there at play.
When the white cities turned to flames
Who lived to hear the Masses said?
Now on the beads I'll tell out names,
And light a candle for the dead.

When John mocked in his jibing youth
Men had big names e'er he was born;
Laid on hard burdens, breaking truth,
Donall O'Brien blew the horn.
It's Munster held the flail that day;
The scattered scoffers ran for life;
They found that no great year for play,
Eleven hundred eighty-five.

(*She lights a candle.*)

Rebel and King, a Connacht lad
Stood in the gap at Athenry;
Phelim O'Conor, proud and glad
To shout the Connacht battle cry;
But in the losing fight he went
The hard high way that rebels go;
And so his score of years was spent
Five and six hundred years ago.

(*She lights the second candle.*)

When Art MacMurrough joined the rout
And faced the King of England's sword
The cards were shuffled and showed out
The trumps upon the Leinster board;
For Richard's credit ran to naught,
His fortune's fatness turned to lean;
But Art MacMurrough reigned and fought
Till fourteen hundred seventeen.

(*She lights the third candle.*)

O'Neill took Ulster in his hand
In fifteen hundred fifty one;
He'd have no meddlers on his land
He kept their armies on the run;
Beat Sussex on the open plain—
It's little but the Gael were free—
It was no man that put down Shane
But Scottish treachery and the sea.

(*She lights the fourth candle.*)

Five hundred blessings on your head
And blessings on the earth you trod,
It's well you earned the prayers are said,
Sarsfield, that was a man with God.
When King and broken Treaty lied
You brought your Wild Geese through the sea,
And out in foreign, conquering, died
In sixteen hundred ninety-three.

(*She lights the fifth candle.*)

With five and five score years gone by
Tone and Lord Edward struck the ball—
My grief such hurlers had to die
And leave the goal to the Gall!
So each new age breaks each new hope,
And so in eighteen-hundred-three,
Another twisting of the rope
Set Robert Emmet's spirit free.

(*She lights the sixth candle.*)

In Easter week the wisp was lit
Waked Dublin from her drowsy years;
I moan the battle-anger, yet
What did we ever win by tears?
The ballad singers long have cried
The shining names of far-away;
Now let them rhyme out those that died
With the three colors, yesterday.

Aye and today. That quick quenched flame,*
Thin rushlight in the dipper's hand,
Burnt out before his fulness came,
His name a Saint's, with Saints to stand.
Or him† the skillet and the mould
Had rounded right to Nature's plan;
Terence, who waned, while moons grown old
Thrice gazed on an unconquered man.

(*She lights the seventh candle.*)

(*Having lighted the seventh candle she stands up*:)

This is our rosary of praise
For some whose names are sung or said
Through seven hundred years of days
The silver beads upon the thread. . . .

(*She goes to the window as if startled and listens for a moment then comes back and stands beside the table*:)

My grief if ever they have heard
The keen on every countryside
In our dark winter, or got word
How brother by his brother died!

But who forgives shall be forgiven.
It's likely in the Shining Land
Before that company in Heaven
From Cathal's hand and Michael's hand
The barren shadow-weapons fall,
The bitter battle-angers cease;
And so God give to them and all
The blessing of his lasting peace!

AUGUSTA GREGORY.

* Hevin Barry.
† Terence McSwiney.

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The Red Deportations of 1920

The Deportations Delirium of Nineteen-Twenty, by Louis F. Post. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr and Company. $1.50.

LOUIS F. POST'S book is a narrative of incidents illustrating a curious and revolting phase of post-war psychology. It is a ringing indictment of both the American government and the American people—the former for acts of heartless oppression, compared with which the Acadian dispersion was a mild-mannered performance, and the latter for the indifference with which the most hideous injustices perpetrated by high officials in perfect contempt of constitutional guarantees were regarded.

One would wish that the story had been told by an historian less open to the charge of advocacy and less subject to suspicion of being mildly tolerant of, if not sympathetic with, the idea of economic and governmental change through violence. But where shall such a writer be found? No one has ever come forward to defend the transactions reviewed, because they admit of no defence, and whosoever by word or act assumes a critical attitude with reference to them becomes at once an object of suspicion as a "red" or a "near-red." In time some lawyer of eminence and standing will dispassionately discuss the procedure and the statute invoked and draw conclusions which a sobered people may accept. But the time is not yet. The eminently respectable member of the profession now passes the episode sub silentio. The American Bar Association, fearful of the waning respect in which the great Constitution of our country is held, has appealed to the people to observe annually "Constitution week" during which, at public assemblies, its provisions may be expounded, its virtues extolled, and the reverence due it restored. Though that great body deplores the attacks made upon the Constitution in public debate, it has remained discreetly silent as to the vastly more sinister assaults by its sworn guardians in connection with the transactions narrated in Mr. Post's book.

The "Sentinels of the Constitution" who have, in a knight-errant spirit, taken up the cudgels in defence of our organic law are equally voiceless concerning the flagrant violations of its letter and spirit of which Mr. Post tells, lending color to the suggestion that they are more concerned about the Constitution as the bulwark of property, as the last resource of the opponents of progress, than they are in the Constitution as the palladium of the liberties of the people.

Briefly, the book records the attempt, through the Secret Service of the Department of Justice, at the mass deportation of aliens charged with being members of an association advocating the overthrow of the government by force. That department held the view that the League of Russian Workers, the Communist party and the Communist Labor party were such associations. It succeeded in securing the acceptance of this view by the Department of Labor to which alone the law entrusted the execution of the deportation statutes, but which, for a time, in the absence of the Secretary, the former dominated. Later, on his return, after the "raids," to which reference will be made, he recalled the ruling classifying the Communist Labor party as among the proscribed organizations.

In these three organizations the Russian element was either exclusive or important, highly so among the alien members—at least a very great proportion of those held for deportation or ordered deported as a result of the raids were of Russian birth.

The Russian revolution, as pointed out by ex-President Wilson, was the outstanding world event of the time. It had its horrors, like the French Revolution, and like it filled with alarm that very considerable number of people the world over who shudder at any policy which questions the sacredness of institutions under which great wealth may be secured and held.

Lurid accounts were published in the press and popular journals of the imminent probability of all Europe being overrun by the Russian iconoclasts, who were to conquer by arms as well as by ideas. Credence was given to such tales in this country as well as abroad even when the industrial system of Russia was in a state of collapse through the dismal failure of the new order, as we were told, and America was feeding her people. The dread that was aroused was adroitly used to discountenance any feeble protest against abuses in our system. The farmers of the Northwest, victimized for years in the disposition of their grain through combinations which controlled legislation, organized the Nonpartisan League, with aims political as well as economic, the former to insure the success of the latter. Immediately invectives were hurled at them. They were called socialists, bolshevists, anarchists, nihilists and advocates of free-love. The intimation was put out that the entire movement originated in and had its inspiration from Moscow, if it was not under immediate direction from that centre.

The Steel Strike of 1919 was decried and so generally advertised as a covert effort to overthrow the government by force or by the paralysis of industry in accordance with the purposes of the Bolsheviki, that the notion was almost universally entertained until it was exploded by the report of the Inter-Church Movement. The innovators were invariably denounced as unpatriotic, while their baiters proclaimed raucously their own immaculate Americanism.

While the public mind was in this highly fevered state, the bomb explosions of 1919 took place, one of them wrecking the home of Attorney-General Palmer in the City of Washington, and another sadly mutilating a servant of ex-Senator Hardwick of Georgia. Happily a number of infernal machines in their course through the mails, destined to men of prominence, were intercepted through the vigilance of an employee of the Post Office. Suspicion was immediately directed to the Russians who were to any degree sympathetic with the economic policies supposed to be represented by those in control in their native land, particularly as assassination had been a common incident of revolutionary activities in Russia. The efforts of the detective branch of the Department of Justice, euphemistically denominated the Bureau of Investigation, to ferret out the perpetrators of the hideous crimes referred to, including the explosion in Wall Street, had come to naught. At least no prosecutions were ever instituted. The public was demanding action. A resolution was passed by the Senate demanding to know of the Attorney-General what he was doing to save the country from the alien foes it was harboring, and particularly what he was doing to enforce the deportation statutes, notwithstanding, as stated, that that officer had nothing to do with the administration of the acts in question. He replied at length, intensifying the public apprehension, with information concerning the desperate character of the revolutionary societies and the cunning operations of the Bureau of Investigation in ferreting out their activities and purposes and promising appropriate action in due time. It was well known that the Attorney-General

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was a candidate for the nomination of his party for President and Mr. Post quite broadly intimates that he saw in the situation an opportunity to get on the front page and perhaps to turn to his political advantage the hysteria that had seized the country. Anyway he had his "undercover men," who had become members of the proscribed organizations, arrange for simultaneous meetings of the various branches throughout the country on the night of January 2, 1920, having in mind the "raiding" of the meeting places. It is denied by the Department that such men were the counterparts of the detestable "agents provocateur," common in Europe, but it must be conceded that their complete success in arranging meetings throughout such a wide area, argues an exceptional influence among those whom their deception brought into the toils.

The springs thus being laid the "raids" took place. Aided by the local police the Secret Service men broke into the halls, arrested everyone present, usually lining them up along a wall with hands up until they were searched, and marched them off to some police station or other place of detention. Meanwhile every scrap of paper was seized, books, records and correspondence. In like manner the homes of officers of the associations were broken into, drawers rifled, a thorough search made for evidence of any kind and everything believed to help in making a case against the prisoner or anyone else carried away. Some pretense was made at times of conducting the search under the authority of a search warrant, but the papers scarcely ever afforded a reasonable ground even for pretense. So the arrests were made under color of warrants theretofore issued by the Department of Labor. But these were held always by an Inspector of the Department who may or may not have been within a hundred miles of the scene of the arrest. These were often issued in flagrant disregard of constitutional and statutory requirements. Usually they were founded on information and belief "affidavits" which were not rarely unverified and often not even signed. The total arrests numbered about 10,000. Obviously many of these were citizens not subject to deportation, many against whom no warrant had been issued, many against whom, though aliens, no prima facie case for deportation could be made even upon the meager showing deemed essential to warrant detention. Many were taken from the quiet of their homes, not a few out of bed at dead of night.

Then the weeding out process began, taking from a few hours to a week, counsel being denied the prisoner. The jails were jammed. No provision had been made for the custody of any such numbers as were arrested and scarcely any for any number. Eight hundred of these unfortunates were crowded for a week in the corridor of the upper floor of the Federal Building in Detroit, where they were without other bed than the floor and no toilet conveniences at all adequate. Several of the victims went insane. Of the 10,000, approximately, (no record was kept) arrested, just about one half were released upon the preliminary hearing though warrants were ultimately issued only against about 3,000, of which number but 556 were ordered deported as being technically or otherwise members of the proscribed organizations. Of these the great majority, upon the undisputed testimony before the Senate Committee, were perfectly harmless individuals, most of whom could not define even in a general way the tenets or principles of the organization of which they, in one way or another, had become members. Many of them were highly respected artisans with families and homes, some of them thrifty enough to have accumulated a little property.

It must be supposed that the expectation was indulged by Attorney-General Palmer that there would be revealed through the arrests and seizures information upon which convictions could be secured of the parties guilty of the bomb outrages or of some plot to overthrow the government by force accompanied by some kind of military preparation, however absurdly inadequate. If so, the raids were in that respect a complete failure. Nothing was uncovered that was or, so far as the subsequent investigation revealed, could be made the basis of an indictment. There may have been among the multitude arrested some, and possibly not a few, criminally disposed or possibly guilty of crime, whose detention or deportation could occasion no regret, though the lawlessness of the procedure to effect that end should be deplored. Of the 128 ordered deported from among the 1,000, more or less, arrested in Detroit, all save eight were paroled upon the recommendation of a local committee of high class lawyers who examined the record in each case. Presumably those held were of the dangerous class to which allusion has been made and it is not unlikely that the proportion of those whose presence was in any sense a menace to the country was not greater in any of the hauls made through the raids.

Of the sum of the misery inflicted upon those in no wise amenable to the law invoked or who were only technically so and perfectly harmless, if not most desirable members of the communities in which they lived and upon the dependents, relatives and friends of such, it is difficult for the casual reader to form any adequate conception. This manifestation of man's inhumanity to man may well awaken our resentment, but the harm done to those who suffered from it is beyond repair and perhaps redress. But the departure from American methods and the contemptuous disregard for constitutional guarantees and the essentials of liberty by which it was characterized cannot be lightly overlooked by any who prize either or desire to see them preserved. In its essence the affair was an attempt to supplant the American system for the detection and punishment of crime by that in vogue in Europe, to transfer the details of government in that regard from the local communities to which, in accordance with American ideals, it has always been interested, to officials in Washington, without direct responsibility to the people for their acts and under the influence of ambition and intrigue such as have scandalized the administration of justice on the Continent.

THOMAS J. WALSH.

The Interior of the Atom

The Structure of the Atom, by E. N. da C. Andrade. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

ATOMIC structure is a subject upon which a comprehensive book in English was urgently needed. A translation of Sommerfeld's Atombau und Spektrallinien has long been announced, but has not yet appeared (so far as we know). Moreover, it deals with only a part of the subject—doubtless the most important part in recent years, but by no means the whole. Professor Andrade's book is more all-embracing, though possibly a chemist would feel that his side of the study of atoms might have been more emphasized. The mathematical knowledge required is not great—considerably less than in Sommerfeld's book. A certain degree of familiarity with modern physics is presupposed, and the book does not aim at being what is

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called "popular." As the cover states, the subject is presented "in a form sufficiently simple to make it accessible to all serious students of the exact sciences." The claim is justified, and such students will be grateful for the book, the more so as the evidence for divergent theories is set forth with perfect impartiality, though not without indicating the author's own conclusions.

Almost all the important work on the structure of the atom is very recent; hardly any of it is more than fifteen years old. Although the theoretical work (especially the application of the quantum theory) is exceedingly interesting, it is the experimental side of the investigation that is the most astonishing. As Professor Andrade says:

> The future historian of science will probably record as one of the outstanding features of the period in which we live the ability, so rapidly acquired during the last decade or so, to deal with single atoms and small numbers of atoms. The methods of *a*-ray counting, of *a*-ray scattering, and of *a*-ray analysis developed by Rutherford and his school, the ionization tracks of C. T. R. Wilson, the positive-ray technique devised by Aston, represent a fundamentally new class of investigations. . . . The physicist who looks back twelve years cannot but be impressed by the confidence with which we now attack problems then scarcely put forward as capable of solution.

In this development, the experimental advances have been in the main British, whilst most of the theory has been devised by Germans and one Dane—Niels Bohr. One of the ablest investigators, Moseley, was killed in the war, our government taking the same view as the Jacobin government took in the case of Lavoisier: "La république n'a pas besoin de chimistes."

Modern physical theory has succeeded in building all matter out of two constituents: the proton (or hydrogen nucleus) and the electron. The proton has one unit of positive electricity, the electron has one unit of negative electricity. They are of roughly the same size, but the proton is about 1,850 times as heavy as the electron. So far as experimental tests are possible, one proton is exactly like another, and one electron is exactly like another. A hydrogen atom in its normal state consists of one proton and one electron. Since positive and negative electricity attract one another, the electron goes round the proton, much as the earth goes round the sun. But there are curious differences. As a rule the electron goes round the proton in an exact circle, of which the diameter is about a hundred-millionth of a centimetre. But the electron can also move in circles having exactly four times this diameter, or exactly nine or sixteen or twenty-five or . . . times this diameter. It can also move in certain ellipses, of which the breadth will be the same as the diameter of one of the circles, but the height (minor axis) will be exactly half as much, or exactly a third or two-thirds or some other simple fraction. Intermediate orbits are impossible; when the electron passes from one orbit to another it does so suddenly, not by a gradual transition. All this results from applying quantum-theory to the explanation of the hydrogen spectrum. The hydrogen atom can also lose its one electron and be reduced to the bare proton. This happens when it is positively electrified.

All other atoms are more complex than the hydrogen atom. They can be arranged in a scale of increasing complexity (the periodic table), which roughly corresponds to the scale of increasing atomic weight. The *n*th element in this series has a nucleus with a positive charge *n* times that of the proton, and has (when unelectrified) *n* electrons revolving round the nucleus. The helium atom, which comes next after hydrogen, has a nucleus with a positive charge double that of the proton, and has two electrons circling round it in its normal state. But it can lose one or both of these electrons; when it has lost both it has a double positive electrification. Radio-active substances send out particles, called *a*-particles which are found to be helium nuclei. Although the helium nucleus has only twice the charge of a proton, it has nearly four times the weight; it is therefore assumed to consist of four protons and two electrons. (The slight defect of weight is explained on relativity principles.) This is at present an assumption based on theory. There is experimental evidence that all matter consists of electrons, protons, and *a*-particles, but there is no experimental evidence to show that *a*-particles can be resolved into four protons and two electrons. The reason for believing this is partly theoretical simplicity, partly the fact that the atomic weight of helium is so very nearly four times that of hydrogen.

The chemical character of an element depends upon its nucleus. In radio-activity the chemical character changes —that is to say, something comes out of the nucleus. Sometimes what comes out is an *a*-particle (helium nucleus), sometimes it is an electron. This proves that the nuclei of radio-active elements contain helium nuclei and electrons. Rutherford has proved, further, that certain elements contain protons. He has achieved this by bombarding them with *a*-particles thrown off by radium with great velocity —rising to about a tenth of the velocity of light in the case of the product called Radium C. A certain percentage of these *a*-particles will pass quite close to the nucleus of some atom, and when this happens they sometimes succeed in tearing a proton out of it. The proof consists in the fact that hydrogen is manufactured by the bombardment. It seems, however, that this only happens with those elements of which the atomic weight is not a multiple of that of helium. When the atomic weight is an exact multiple of that of helium (which is the case with all the even numbers in the periodic table) the nucleus apparently consists of a number of *a*-particles, which cannot be broken down by Rutherford's bombardment.

One great obstacle to theoretical simplicity has been removed by F. W. Aston's work on what are called "isotopes." If we take the weight of the helium atom as 4, a great many atoms have weights which are measured by integers. This suggests the possibility, long known as Prout's hypothesis, that all matter is composed of hydrogen, of which the atomic weight is very nearly a quarter that of helium. But there were a great many exceptions, in which the atomic weight was nowhere near an integer. Aston has shown that in these cases we have to do with a mixture of different elements with exactly similar chemical properties, and that, when the different elements are sorted out, each is found to have an atomic weight which is a whole number. Hydrogen is now the only exception; its atomic weight is not 1, but 1.008.

For the present, the dualism of electrons and protons must be accepted as representing the limit of our knowledge. But it remains possible that later investigations will show means of reducing both to states of some one really ultimate basis of matter. As yet, this is wholly speculative; the units of positive and negative electricity, for the moment, are brute facts. So is the discontinuity in the possible orbits of electrons. But the physics of the atom is advancing so rapidly that discoveries as remarkable as those already made may be confidently expected in the near future.

BERTRAND RUSSELL.

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The Bagdad Railway

Turkey, the Great Powers, and the Bagdad Railway, a Study in Imperialism, by Edward Mead Earle. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

ALTHOUGH the main title of this book adequately describes the dish served to the reader, the subtitle—a study in imperialism—more truly indicates the special flavor which makes it memorable. For while there have been other valuable works dealing with the Bagdad Railway, not one of them has thrown the facts of this amazing venture against the background of a similarly comprehensive social-economic philosophy. The result is that though we do indeed trace with all necessary detail the inception, development, shifts, and chances of a particular enterprise—an enterprise moreover that has been steeped for two decades in the heated atmosphere of a cause celèbre—we feel that we are at the same time carried to a higher, impersonal plane of thought where we are made acquainted with the intricate modalities elaborated by our modern occidental civilization in respect of a so-called backward area.

While following the fascinating exposition the reviewer was suddenly arrested by the resurrection of a war memory. A famous professor held the platform on this very subject of Mr. Earle's, the Bagdad Railway, and after a withering introductory sneer at the ninety-three German intellectuals, signers of the hapless manifesto in defence of Germany, he sailed in to show what, by way of contrast, a truth-loving American could do with a burning issue. He then proceeded to rest his case on three axioms which, he declared, were beyond discussion, to wit, that the Bagdad project was different from any capitalist enterprise the world had ever seen, that it was a Potsdam plot to wreck the British empire, and that it was hatched in the criminal brain of the Kaiser. The weird edifice which he erected on these foundations may be left to the imagination. Likely enough, even for this agitated patriot it has long since proved itself of a piece with the stuff that dreams are made of, but, if it has not, let us hope that a kind friend will present him with a copy of Mr. Earle's book. Here he will find the authentic tale abundantly documented and carried from the first discussions among the promoters down through the year 1923. By utilizing, in addition to the printed material, important evidence drawn in personal interviews from individuals connected with the enterprise, he has been able to put together a history apparently complete in every link. More clearly than ever before we are now in a position to see that the German promoters had no sooner obtained the Bagdad charter of 1903 than with unusual tact they set about organizing an international banking syndicate and that this happy distributive project was frustrated neither by the financiers nor by the governments of the other national groups but by the yelpings of the yellow press of London, Petrograd, and Paris, which, like its kindred everywhere, made its living by blowing on the patriotic passions of the general public. The tragic failure of internationalization in connection with an enterprise which, because of its possible returns in money and power, greatly excited nationalist jealousies supplies a valuable hint as to where are to be found the real obstructionists of that better understanding among peoples which is the only hope of the future.

The author removes all remaining doubt from another matter which looms large in the dispassionate retrospect, for he shows that, under the softening influence of time, Russia, France, and Great Britain gradually adjusted themselves to the Bagdad idea. Between 1911 and 1914 and in the order named they signed agreements with Germany of which, in return for certain securities and favors, they put their approval on the project. It cannot be too often repeated that just before the outbreak of the Great War the particular disturbance caused by the German capitalist invasion of the Near East seemed to have been effectively quieted by a series of special treaties between Germany and her three leading rivals. Why then the war? Or since the war took place, can the Bagdad Railway be said to have been a factor in the outbreak? Alas, a weighty factor, since together with a score of similar imperialist enterprises it created a state of mind in Europe which threatened war at any moment and made its adjournment to 1914 look almost like a miracle.

But, after all, what gives this book its broadest usefulness and will make it particularly welcome among the philosophically minded is that it treats the Bagdad Railway as an example in imperialism whereby we are enabled to become acquainted not only with the forces in society pushing our business leaders along the path of conquest but also with the elaborate present-day technique for such ventures involving a vast coöperative action among bankers, shippers, engineers, and manufacturers. All the more advanced nations are necessarily in the game and Germany's conspicuous failure was largely due to the fact that, a late-comer and amateur among professionals, she was not abreast of the occasion. An ironical comment on the moral indignation that used to be showered on the whole Bagdad plan, particularly in England, is that as the smoke of battle and discussion lifts, the coveted prize is discovered nestling snugly in the gigantic hand of the leading imperialist professional, Great Britain. What else would one expect?

Mr. Earle closes by showing how the recent advent of the United States upon the scene, in the form of the Chester concessions, is the unescapable consequence of our economic evolution. Many of us will share with him the tenderly expressed hope that our business buccaneers may prove a more genial lot than their German, French, and British contemporaries. And yet if everything that he says and implies about the necessary processes of our occidental civilization is true, why should one fool oneself with such a purely sentimental delusion?

FERDINAND SCHEVILL.

700 Rooms, 700 Baths

Seeing the Middle West, by John T. Faris. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $5.00.

THERE was a time when the Maumee and Muskingum served their cities as canals. "Today, however, the chief functions of Ohio rivers are drainage—and beauty." Drainage first? Not on your life. Dr. Faris, who has already written books on Seeing Pennsylvania, Seeing the Eastern States, Seeing the Far West and Seeing the Sunny South, finds beauty rampant in the plains. Ninety-one doubletone illustrations testify to his admiration: river views and oil wells, springs that spurt a hundred million gallons daily, state capitols of a dozen commonwealths with interchangeable façades and reminiscent domes.

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Seeing Pennsylvania and The Sunny South I do not know. But for the corn-belt Dr. Faris's reverence for "bigness" strikes a happy note. You can hear the Pullman smoker trumpet as you read the book. These few excerpts, for example: "Greatest body of fresh water on the globe"—"two hundred thousand dollar court-house"—"twelve miles long . . . cost five million dollars"—"largest crystals of celestite in the world"—"one hundred million tons of freight a year"—"enormous potato fields, shipping annually six million bushels"—"largest deposit of salt in the world . . . thirty thousand billion tons . . . enough to supply mankind for two million years at the present rate of consumption."—The Statler is the perfect symbol: magnificently brick and white, elevator service to all floors, a private bath for every chamber.

What is disappointing, however, is to find that Dr. Faris concentrates upon a background and shows small interest in his people. You would not know, when you had reached page two hundred forty-two and closed the book upon the glories of Toledo, that the Middle West had anything save capitols, glass factories, wheat fields, rivers whose names derive from Choctaw, an occasional mine and salt enough for sixty thousand generations. Dr. Faris takes his reader through the ore-fields of the Mesaba range—"it is calculated that one billion and a half tons are yet to be mined"—but nowhere on the trip does there appear a single miner, brow-beaten by a system of non-union labor. Plenty of towns and factories and corn-fields. But when you meet a human he resolves himself into a pocket Baedeker. There is an Oklahoman, for example, aroused from revery at a car window, who retorts to the charge that his homeland has little cultural interest by remarking, "Probably you are not aware that at least eight flags have waved over the state." The one authentic bit of reporting in the book, so far as men and women are concerned, is the story of the traveller from Winona:

"You said Winona. Won't you say Winona, please?"

"Surely I will!" was the reply. "But why are you so eager?"

"It's our Chamber of Commerce," came the reply. "Folks were so in the habit of saying the wrong thing that the leaders started a campaign for the long 'i'."

That long *i* rings true, but stands alone. Dr. Faris fills his book with moss instead of people. How Joplin, "where more than one hundred thousand people live within ten miles," can date its history back to 1870—how Montrose on the Mississippi goes back farther still, to 1804—how "Sheboygan, the chair city," looks down on the very lake that tossed LaSalle. Faithful to the text, this struggle for a little background. The Middle Westerner reveres the family tree. Sam Peeke, who runs a department store in Topeka, Springfield, Evansville or Mason City, is as proud of the fact that he can write "Established 1893" above his doorway as a British peer might be of a line that dated back to the Plantaganets.

But after all this reverence for a lean thirty years of authentic past is probably a compensation. The Middle West, too rich in youth, yearns for a little folklore. Dr. Faris does his best, on every page, to find it. He reflects his hinterland as faithfully in that respect as when he revels in mere numbers. He reflects it; but he does not give it meaning. For when the last "Established 1893" is hung above the doorway, what matters in the Middle West is not these bits of disconnected past but a vast heritage of *youth*. A wide land, the Middle West, with a sharp taste of freedom in the air: not freedom in the sense of an established liberty from poverty or politics or social tyranny, but freedom from the dead.

C. M.

Masquerade, by Ben Ray Redman. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $1.50.

MR. REDMAN has been acclaimed as a satirist—and there is no question of his gift. But this collection of his poems proves him more than that,—one "on fire for beauty" and "ensnaring" it, although transmitting it tarnished with bitterness. The sonnet, Abdication, betrays a somewhat desperate cynicism, maintained to a greater or less degree through most of the poems. The acid of the poet's irony eats out word-etchings as dramatic as Brangwyn's,—but the sheer power of his satire carries him sometimes very far from beauty—as in Trophonius, where obscurity and uncouthness recall Browning at his worst. Mr. Redman is heir to more than the occasional clumsiness of the great Victorian. Many of these poems might be among the Dramatic Lyrics,—The Owl's Heart is a subject made to Browning's hand,—and the poignant beauty of In a Garden is this generation's reflection of "All's over, then!—Does truth sound bitter, as one at first believes?"—The comparison goes no further. It's a far cry—and a despairing one—from the exuberant optimism of the eighteen-seventies to the acrid disillusionment of the nineteen-twenties. An echo of Arthur Symons's voice is heard in the shorter lyrics—dirges of transitory love, bittersweet,—weldschmerz of the century's end. But these fitful reminiscent strains are simply the accompaniment to the rhythmic dissonances of our own day in Mr. Redman's work—where the note of disillusionment is struck, insistently—sombrely—but with such art as to make it beautiful.

D. B. W.

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